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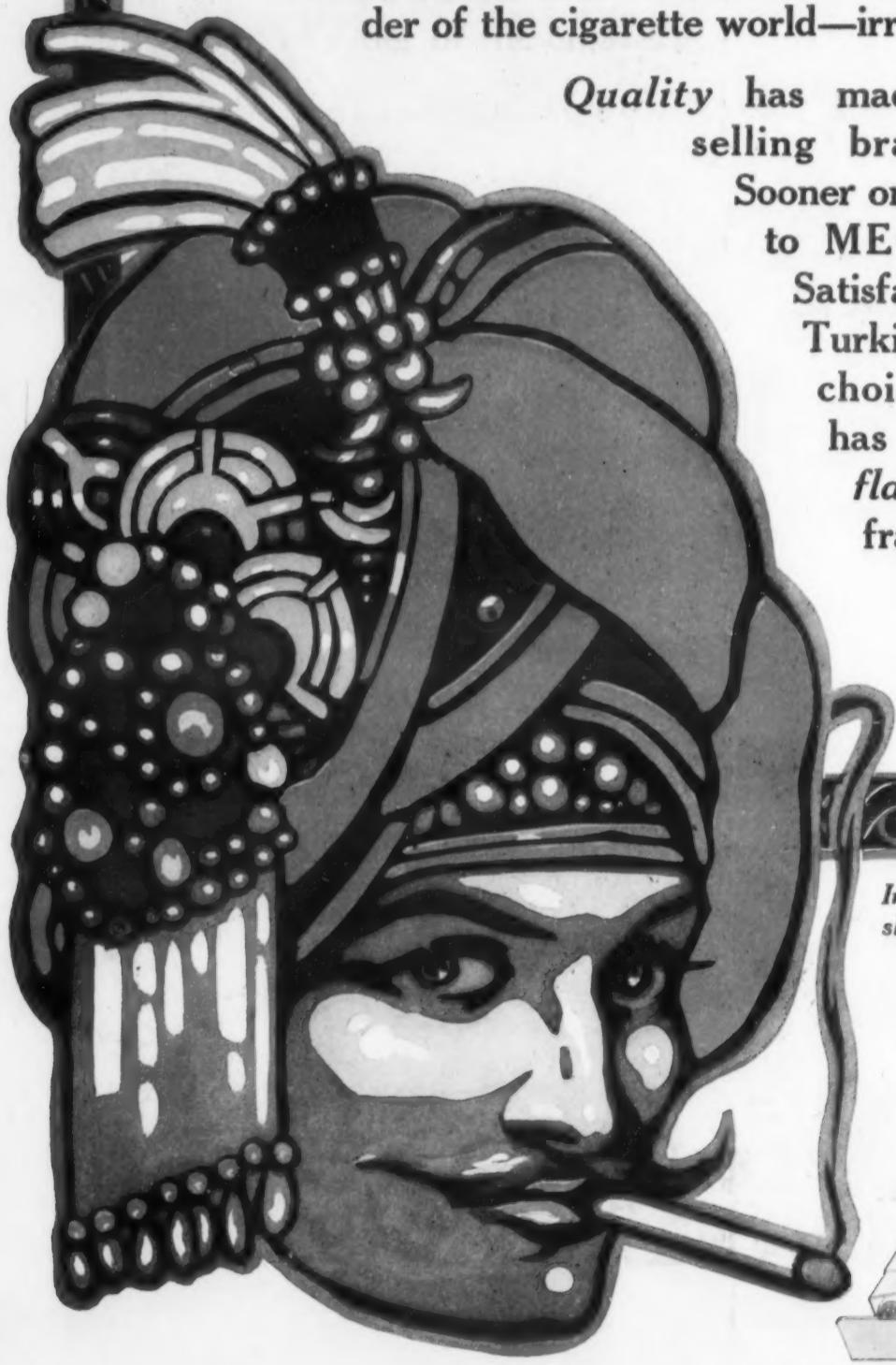
By Norman Draper

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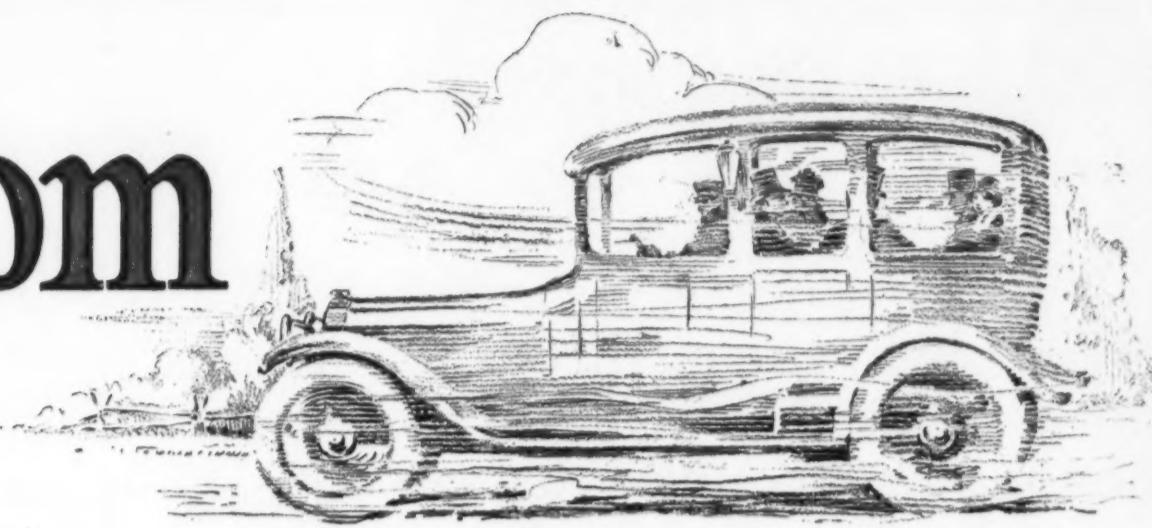
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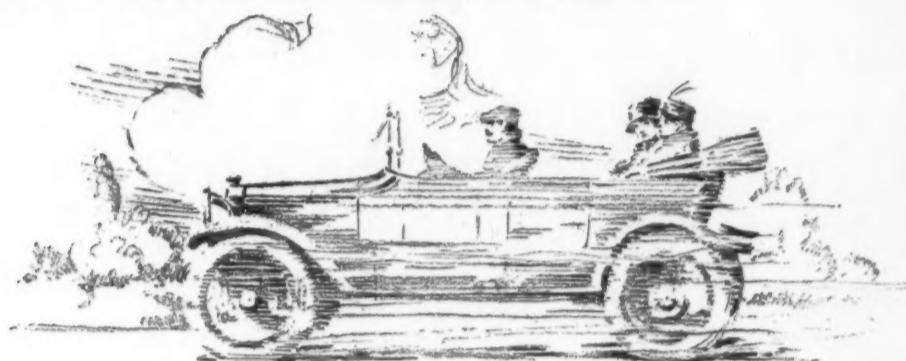
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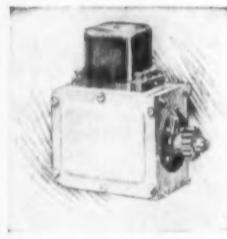
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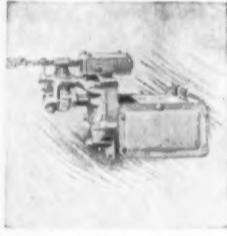
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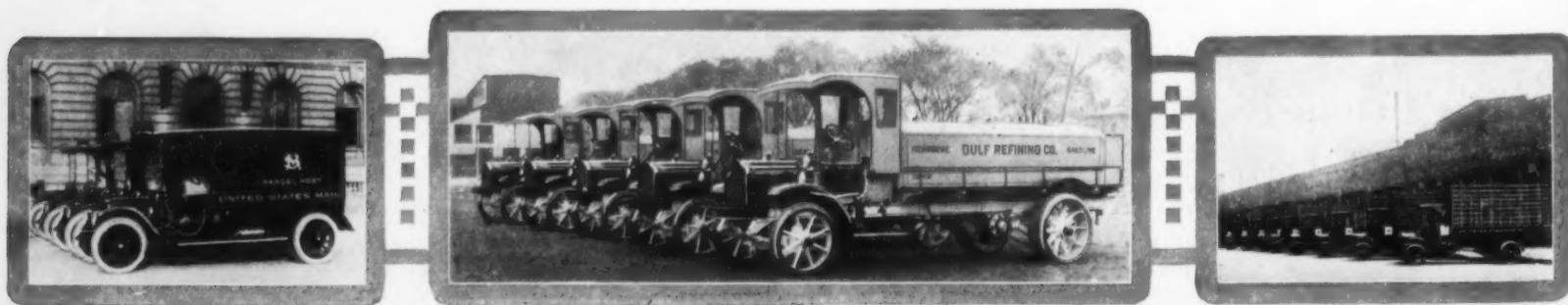
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WHY FRANCE IS GAY

BY JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT PAUS

WHEN I was in London, a month after the beginning of the war, everyone was pulling a long face. London at that time seemed hardly touched by war. The streets were full of people, of cabs and busses; the theatres were open; you could see easily in one day at least a million men fit for military service. Yet everyone was pulling a long face.

When I arrived in Paris, Paris was a city of dreams. No busses and no cabs; no theatres, no shops, cafés closed at eight o'clock; and no men.

Yet, wandering in this desertion and this silence, a silence made literally golden by the wondrous weather given to France at this moment of its peril, one heard distinctly now and then a tinkle of pure laughter.

This is not given as absolute proof of the fact that England is sad and France is gay, for one must reckon with the British formalism. It had been decreed in England that the long face was, under the circumstances, the "proper thing." So everyone was pulling a long face. In France, on the other hand, there is no proper thing. So those who felt like laughing laughed.

The fact remains that some felt like laughing. This was puzzling at first. It at once pleased one (after London!) and shocked one. Think of it! The invaders were so near Paris that their cannonading could be heard from the suburbs; the fate of France hung in the balance. Also, in their attempt to stop with inferior forces the avalanche in Belgium, the French had lost frightfully. Nearly everyone had a son, or brother, or husband, or lover, or cousin, or friend in the list of the killed, wounded, or missing.

Understanding came to me a few weeks later. The battle of the Marne had been fought, the French had driven back the enemy, the entrenched struggle of the Aisne had begun. I had found at last a group of friends made in a former stay—or their wives, rather, their sisters and their sweethearts. One evening some of these had met to read

letters—letters from the front. With them were just two men—a hunchback, disdained of the military authorities, and I, who felt rather hunch-soul, I must admit. The

women were all knitting—knitting sweaters, mufflers, warm undergarments for the trenches at the front. Knitting thus, they conversed amiably, jested pleasantly, and at times laughed. And here are the letters which they read. The first one was from Charles, a big black devil of an athlete boy. He is in the artillery; he rides a horse in front of one of the famous seventy-fives:

"Dear Little Sister: I am living the open-air life I like so much. I miss Larrouest [a seaside village where they usually spend their vacations] a little, but this also is a fine country. Only, I don't know what is the matter with the weather; it thunders all the time and it rains chimney pots. Send me some chocolate."

The second was from a man the mobilization had torn from a little wife about to become a mother:

"I have no news yet, so I don't know if I am a papa or not. We have been four days now in our trench. It is a model trench, with all the modern comforts. Only, we have ill-bred neighbors who are making all of the time an infernal noise. If we raise our noses to protest, they throw prunes at us. Send us some chocolate."

The third said: "We dig and dig. What once was a flat plateau is now zig-zagged with trenches deep as hollow roads. One is called the Avenue Albert,

the other the Boulevard Joffre. The crossing bears the name of our general, who was killed the other day. We have also Cairo Street, the village Nègre, and White Alley. White Alley is badly covered and dangerous of passage.

We have also a "square" with a post in the middle on which our would-be poets stick up their verses. Here are some of mine:

*"War is a nice thing; one marches, one shoots,
One plays Robinson; at night, one guards,
And one sleeps at last, happy and palpitant,
Rocked by the big shells which softly whisper.
What pleasures of all kinds does the War procure!
It is She who gives us, so bountifully,
Free air and rest in the shade of big pines,
As we live in huts like so many rabbits.
And to think that some day we must return (perhaps)
To live in a house, to lounge at a window.
Eat tête-à-tête at table without the least explosion—
Ah, I tell you frankly, 'tis simply disgusting!"*

"Send me some chocolate."

The fourth was from a son to his mother; she had sent it on to these, his friends. This was in a different tone. The writer was asking us to give up the joys of this life:

"When one sees what I have seen, mother, one makes up one's mind that after the war we must all live in another fashion. We must draw closer one to the other, we must give up our egotisms and our frivolities. We must reduce to the minimum our needs and appetites; think only of one another."

As these beautiful sentiments were rolled out, I could see a change in the little company.

The knitting dropped upon laps, lines came between brows, heads shook from side to side in gentle negative and disapproval.

And the small hunchback expressed what all felt when he said: "It is too bad. He is depressed."

Thus I had a light thrown upon the French gayety, that gayety which is so misunderstood, which, to many, is merely the claptrap fake of Montmartre and the public dance halls.

You see, any one of these women knitting there could have spoken as did this last letter. They could have searched profoundly into the idiocy, the hideousness of war. In fact, I had heard them do it—before the war. And those others who had written, they also could have poured out page after

page upon the horror of war. In fact, I had heard them do so—before the war. Only, they were not doing it. They were accepting life, all life, life even in its present terrible phase. They were carefully not thinking. I saw the French gayety as a cuirass—a cuirass of chrome steel, light, bright, and impenetrable. That cuirass is all over France now. France is gay, France laughs, France refuses to mope. France has a terrible job on hand, and she is not going to brood about it. This job has been forced on her; a plague has come upon her; she is going to clean up that plague, with a bucket and a sponge, as it were; and with a smile on her lips. This state of mind is general. I got it from those at the front, from those who stay behind, from those who dribble back.



One of the soldiers was wounded in the right arm, the other in the left arm. Using their good arms, they wheeled him in the barrow for sixteen miles to a small town, where he was placed aboard a train full of wounded

Here is what I get from the front (from a little Parisian hoodum): "I'm a Parisian and I hope I fight well. If anyone told me to go back now, I wouldn't like it at all. And then, you know, I want to come back with a nice pair of German boots."

The following one yearns for something else than boots: "One thing I do miss in the trench, it's music. So I hum to myself. But a piano, a little bit of one, would be welcome; we'd dig a place for it. The canon would be the bass. We're not deprived of that bass, I can tell you. I haven't yet caught the pitch, but it's very low."

Listen to this one as you read it. It marches, and it charges, and it rings with bugles. It is also a bit ferocious—that is, it is young:

"Dear Brother: When I got your letter, little brother, I jumped in my bed (I'm wounded) and shouted with gladness. When do you leave for the front?

"I begin by crying Victory! For we are all there, I can tell you, with the smile.

"I began in Belgium, where things were hard. We came back into France through Ardennes. Marches of sixty kilometers, and always singing, and always with the smile. We arrive in the Aisne; we fight. We enter a village which has been bombarded. Nothing there but one poor old man. He says: 'I'm a grocer, everything I have is yours.' And we fill our sacks. Past the village, shells and shells and shells.

"For two weeks after that, night marches. Never did I think it possible to march like that. When we slept, I tell you we slept.

"Then a change. We take the offensive. In a village I had the pleasure of working with the bayonet. For my part, I stuck three or four with my long fork.

"Then we descend along the Marne. One of my school-day chums is stuck full in the chest. He died like a brave one. He would not let any of us stay behind to care for him.

"Then, big battle which lasts eight days. This time I had less luck. I managed to spit only one. I broke my bayonet.

"Then a ride in an autobus—all the luxuries. We go through the German lines at forty an hour and occupy trenches. There it is terrible. We are told we must hold five days. We hold five days—with only a quarter of a ball (loaf of bread) to eat. That didn't matter; we weren't hungry; we were living on powder.

"'Twas there I was wounded. In the arm. Silly!

"Don't worry, little brother. Awaiting your departure for the front, I assure you I'll do the work of two. They won't let me go from here yet (the hospital). They want to wrap me up in cotton. I'm getting bored. I'm losing the smile."

The following is from a young artilleryman:

"Dear Parents: I've been through the baptism of fire. My fort was bombarded yesterday, from eleven to six o'clock. We were just getting back to our hut, my comrade and I, for lunch, when we heard the whistle and the explosion of the first shell. Astonishment. On the fort, a black smoke. What can it be? We soon found out. A volcano rises in front of us, another, still another. About us, little whistling sounds, little dry noises in the grass. We get behind a mound to answer their shots. The company cook is just frying potatoes, a fragment of shell falls into the spuds; here's a cook made happy! We load, we take a position a little to the rear. What a sight and what a noise! What smoke! Our fort seemed to be throwing all of its earth toward the sky. But really it suffered very little. The only victims proved to be horses and some sheep which were cut to pieces. We found legs of lamb everywhere, which the soldiers gathered and roasted joyfully." Of course, these letters might be from men who are gay because they cannot think. Here are two letters from men who can think: "What moved me most was to see in a village two children holding their father by the hand. For a papa deprived so long of such delicious presence, the purity of their eyes was an enchantment. I stopped till one spoke so that I could hear its voice. On the whole, though, I have suffered only from separation. I love this life in the midst of the forest, far from cities, close to nature. The sensations of the moment veil the past—and it is well!"

". . . And thus we live. We are astonished to find ourselves, under circumstances so violent and so exceptional, filled with sturdy happiness. Before, in the monotonous unrolling of days all alike, we were often pessimistic and depressed. That was yester-

day—it seems a century ago. Looking at this *I* of yesterday, one seems to be contemplating a stranger. And one is glad not to be that stranger. We have been reborn. And one asks oneself if this vigilant guard against peril and the unknown is not after all real life; if the other, the peaceful, monotonous existence, was not something having merely the appearance of life—a life of ghosts. We were like the mechanical doll of the English tale which cried plaintively: 'Give me a soul.' Our soul, we have it now."



So the gayety which the breezes bring from the front is not the drollery of beings who cannot think. It is the gayety of beings who refuse to think. For thinking is a dangerous game at such a time of simple duty not to be examined. They have made up their mind to laugh; they laugh.

"The Boches (Germans) are great toilers with the barbed wire. Those in front of us have protected their trench with an intricacy of it which they guard jealously. So, of course, we tease them. We crawl there at night, cut up all we can with pincers, and in the morning they're furious.

"The other night, though, they stopped us. They tied empty tins two by two all over the wire. When we arrived for our night jest, we were greeted by a general tinkling, and immediately by a furious fire—and we suffered some *casse* (some breakage).

"Now we crawl to the wires in the dark and tie to them long strings. When we have returned, we pull the strings. The cans tinkle, and right away there comes a terrific howling and a terrific firing from the German trenches, while we, snug at the bottom of our holes, laugh like fools."

When death comes and that cuirass of gayety is removed, what is beneath is found to be not shallow. Here is a letter from a small shopkeeper-soldier who had done his duty.

"This is Thursday, in the Department of the Marne, near X—

"I am awaiting a succor which does not come, and I am praying God to take me, for I suffer. Adieu, my

under the shrapnel. My last thoughts are for my children, for thee, dear wife, comrade of my life, beloved wife. Long live France!"

THUS from the front. But there are those who stay behind—not the easier rôle—the wives, the sisters, the mothers.

Many are able to serve actively in the hospitals and ambulances. But still more, perchance, must wait without the consolation of such toil. These occupy themselves with smaller things, with humble duties which have this in common: they are focused always on the trenches at the front. They spend long hours at railway stations to give hot coffee to soldiers departing or returning. They write letters. Each appoints herself a clearing house of news; I know one who thus keeps fifteen members of a scattered group in news one of another. And they knit—how they knit! All of the time, indefatigably, thinking of the cold trenches.

But what is remarkable is that they do this in outward joy. You do not see them weep; if they weep, it is in secret—in profound secret. In this great catastrophe of their lives they hold firmly to their womanly duty of giving charm and smiles and joy and beauty to the world.

Six weeks ago I was guest at the table of a French family—a family of the old stanch bourgeoisie. Three women were there, the mother and two daughters (one of them mother herself of three little children). They were all, perhaps, a little pale and drawn, the gold of their voices dulled slightly, perhaps, with a haze of gentle melancholy. But the meal was lit with gayety; not a loud gayety, understand, but something discreet and sweet like the murmur of a brook hidden in cress. Yet this was the situation of that family. The father, captain of territorials, sixty years old, was commanding a company which was digging trenches between the forts of Paris. The two daughters were the wives of captains in the active fighting at the front. The two sons, one a cuirassier in the reserves, the other a sergeant of the active, were at the front. That is to say, each of these young women had a father, a husband, and two brothers at the front.

Two weeks ago I dined again with them. Though I must have come to them like a phantom of past happy days, they greeted me as usual. By looking at them closely I could see a change—but I assure you this was not their fault. They were still a little paler; the haze about their golden voices had thickened; also the old man was present in his uniform, having taken a day off after two straight months of unremitting toil; and his heavy face, during lulls in the conversation when he was not guarding himself, would droop into an expression of terrible sadness. But the meal passed a good deal as had the other. A friend was with me, full of absurd stories of barracks life. Everyone laughed at times, gently, in discreet merriment. Yet at this time the situation of the family was like this: Of the two captain-husbands one lay wounded in a hospital in France (they had not been told as yet where), the other lay in a Prussian hospital a prisoner, with a hole through his lungs. And the young sergeant, the joyous "little brother," was dead. "Killed before the enemy," the taciturn and glorious note had said. There are many like this in France: many women who have lost a son, a brother, a husband, a lover. And then there are those who, not having yet lost, wait in a misery of fear. For the soldiers are allowed to write only meager notes which must not tell where they are, and these meager notes, in the concentration of all efforts toward the mere fight, are often lost, and nearly always delayed. There is a young matron whom I go to see sometimes. In past days she used to send a servant to the door; now she comes herself to the door. She greets one with an "Oh, Mr. So-and-So, I am so glad to see you!" which comes so clearly from within that one's heart begins pumping (only it isn't for me, that greeting; it is for my brother, who takes me there).

She is very beautiful and gentle and soft; she ushers one into an apartment which is a rest and a delectation to the eye; and she envelops one in the enchantment of her delicate gayety. Oh, it is the place to go, all right, if anything is wrong, if the blue devils are after you! But after a while a certain heaviness in a gesture, a subtle weariness in the drapings of an attitude awaken your suspicion; (Continued on page 26)



For the soldiers are allowed to write only meager notes, which must not tell where they are

wife and my dear children; adieu, all of you whom I have loved so much. I ask those of my officers who will find this sheet to send it to my wife in Paris, together with the portfolio which I place in the same pocket of my coat.

"Gathering together what remains of my strength, I write this lying on my back, my two legs shattered

THE MOVIE GIRL AND LITTLE PATTERSON

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY BAYARD JONES

EVERY man on the three decks called her Lucille, but when little Patterson kissed her, the third night out from Honolulu, she sent him into the scuppers with one thrust of a slim, sunburned fist. Which was according to all virtuous tradition and yet unfortunate, for little Patterson had a lame leg that twisted badly in the fall, so that he fainted from the pain, and had to be carried into the purser's office and ministered to with Scotch.

"Nasty stumble," he said when he could open his eyes again. "Darn my knee!"—and the movie girl on the outskirts of the little crowd of good Samaritans blinked uncertainly at the lights and retreated to the fastnesses of her own cabin.

Next morning she stopped little Patterson on the promenade deck about fifteen minutes before beef-tea time. A pink chiffon evening gown and a voluptuous white aigrette in her yellow curls separated her startlingly from the crowd, as did her face, a cool pink mask with carefully bowed red mouth, and eyelids heavily blue. Her neck and arms were bare and rather lovely. Also, beneath the painted eyelids, her eyes were worth seeing.

"Morning," she said. "I hope you're all right again." Little Patterson backed up against the rail, twisting his soft felt hat between his hands and inconspicuously resting the lame leg, which had never really been all right from the day he came into the world.

"Morning," he returned lightly. "Pretty fair, thanks."

She went on very deliberately: "It was nice of you to lie about your knee—last night. Did you do it on your own account or mine?"

"If I said yours, would you believe me?"

"I'd believe you. I give you that."

"Thanks. Yours, then. Making pictures this morning?"

"Couple of scenes for 'Love by Wireless.'" She added, fingering a rope of pearls that fell to her waist, the pink mask of her face undisturbed by any betraying emotion: "Do you want to apologize to me for what you did?"

"I do not," said little Patterson, equally cool. His gray eyes were always clear and steady, but rather reckless. "An apology makes a kiss an impertinence."

"Well—what was it, Mr. Patterson?"

"A tribute."

"To art?" inquired Lucille. The red, careful mouth lifted at one corner in the faintest suggestion of a sneer.

"To nature," said little Patterson. He smiled his infrequent but amazingly endearing smile.

"You've got a healthy nerve," said Lucille slowly. But she smiled back.

They were friends after that in an uncommon and curious way.

Lucille, whose work was so unending that she rarely appeared on deck in her proper person, had small time for dalliance, but little Patterson solved the question adroitly. With half a dozen other men he followed the movie people about from one end of the ship to the other, and upon occasion, when a crowd was needed, he made an inconspicuous, if interesting, walking gentleman.

When Lucille, shivering dramatically and dripping realistically, was drawn up over the side, in the rescue scene which afterward thrilled movie fans in many a darkened playhouse, it was little Patterson who, standing third in line, strained gallantly at the rope. If you have seen the film, you will remember him, a slender young man with a quiet, sunburned face and one foot—the right it was—that dragged a little.

To Lucille that dragging foot seemed always cruelly incredible. Little Patterson's eyes were so cool and assured, his mouth was so confident, his

"Go to bed at nine o'clock. We're working all day, and I'll be dead to the world."

"Wrong," said little Patterson thoughtfully; "you're going to sit up on the topside deck and talk to me. I'll let you go down at ten."

"Thank you too much," Lucille retorted calmly, in the interesting idiom of the Japanese house servant.

"Not in the least," said little Patterson.

The movie manager approached them with a friendly roar. He was a fat, small man, incongruously wise looking.

"Lucille!" he ordered. "C'm on now! You've just gotten Dan's wireless, and you're frightened to death. You suspect Alice of knowing where the letters are hidden. You meet her husband on deck, and you make up to him to try and find out. You have tea together, and he orders a drink. He tries to get gay and you won't stand for it. He goes off in a huff, and you sit there alone. Register terror and despair: 'Oh, my God, why was I ever born! I'm nothing but a curse to the only man that loves me!' See! C'm on now. Hustle!"

Lucille hustled. She did not even answer little Patterson's parting grimace. She took her work too seriously for that.

Nevertheless, that night, which was the night after the kiss in the dark, she met little Patterson on the topside deck, and let him settle her in a steamer chair, with a Scotch plaid rug and a couple of cushions.

Little Patterson drew his own chair alongside, and Lucille saw that he had thoughtfully arranged it so that the nearest light should be at their backs—not too near a light, at that.

"I always think," she said gently and utterly without preamble, "you must have known an awful lot of women, and known 'em awfully well. You're wise to every little business of the game, aren't you?"

"And I learned about women from her," said little Patterson modestly. He asked permission to smoke, and lit a cigarette.

"How's that?" Lucille inquired with interest when the match in

little Patterson's fingers flickered and went out.

"And I learned—about women—from her!"

"Poetry?"

"Kipling."

"Oh—'The Light That Failed'?"

"There are those," said little Patterson pleasantly, "who think he isn't quite up to his old form—but aren't you rather cruel?"

"What d'you mean?" Lucille demanded frankly.

Little Patterson grinned.

"What do you know about 'The Light That Failed'?"

"There was a fellow in San Francisco last winter who was always talking about it. He wanted to make a photo play of it."

"I see."

"Well, what was it, about women—what's the rest of that?"

"Too long—I can't remember," said little Patterson lazily. There was an idle pause, and he went on in his slow, careless voice that had yet the unmistakable inflection of well-schooled forbears:

"And the end of it's sitting and thinking—
An' waiting hell fires to see;
So be warned by my lot—
Which I know you will not—
And learn about women from me."

"No man ever did—from another man," said Lucille a trifle scornfully.



"Morning," she said. "I hope you're all right again." Little Patterson backed up against the rail. "Morning," he returned

shoulders so square, his hands so compelling—and his right foot dragged where it should have gone strongly and competently like its mate.

Lucille ached when she looked at it. Her own slim, young body felt a pang of sympathetic helplessness. Herself she was muscled like a boy, although the soft flesh hid it beautifully. She could swim with any of the Kanakas on Waikiki beach. Once that summer she had dived thirty feet from the bow of a ship into Honolulu Harbor (that was for the third scene in "Her South Sea Love"), she had ridden a horse no man had ever been able to saddle, and she fenced like a Frenchman. Barely in her twentieth year, and featured already upon the flaring billboards in front of the movie houses, Lucille had room for a certain amount of self-satisfaction—not that she ever displayed it.

LITTLE Patterson, in one of the many moments when Lucille was off stage but only waiting for the next cue, put her into words with an unsmiling drawl: "You don't know how to be afraid. That's it—eh?"

"Maybe I haven't got sense enough," said Lucille. "Hope to the Lord you never learn."

"Much obliged," said Lucille. "I hope so, too."

She was not a brilliant conversationalist.

"What are you going to do to-night?" asked little Patterson suddenly.

"Which I know you will not," he repeated.

"Some of you never learn—from anybody," said the movie girl, twisting the fringe of the Scotch plaid rug in her fingers.

Little Patterson laughed shortly. He put out his hand to the restless fingers and drew it back again unperceived. "Meaning me? Last night?"

"Meaning nobody. I never hint."

"What did you think," he asked curiously, "when I kissed you? I mean in the minute before you hit out?"

"I was mad."

"I know, but in the minute before that?"

SHE looked at him distrustfully, her face incongruously pale without its make-up, her eyes narrowed. "I don't see what you're getting at. I thought you were fresh, and I was surprised—a little bit sorry maybe—you seemed a good enough sort before."

"But the minute before that?"

"How long do you think our little show lasted?"

Little Patterson laughed again, then he leaned forward, elbow on his knee, and twisted the fringe of the rug himself, his eyes on his own thin fingers.

"The second I kissed you," he insisted coolly, "what did you think?"

"I liked it," said Lucille, surprisingly.

"That's what I wanted to know."

"And I thought you must have kissed a good many other women to do it so well."

"But you tried to shove me overboard, didn't you?"

"So you wouldn't do it again."

"I see," said little Patterson once more. He lay back in his chair and lit another cigarette.

Lucille slipped farther down into the rug and folded her hands in her lap.

The purr of the sea on the ship's sides and the pulse of the engines went on. It was a dark, windy night, and from time to time the wireless crashed with the snap of a thousand whips. "You have known a lot of other women?" Lucille reiterated after a little, almost diffidently.

"Kissed 'em, you mean by that?"

"Well—yes."

"Ever read a book called 'Sir Richard Calmady'?" asked little Patterson kindly. "No? Well, it sets forth at some length what might be said in a few words. Women aren't keen on kissing cripples."

The movie girl put out her hand with a small, soft sound in her throat, and laid it on little Patterson's arm, where he promptly covered and crushed it.

"Don't say that! You're not a cripple."

He shrugged in silence.

"You're not!" she insisted passionately.

"No?" said little Patterson.

"I suppose some fool of a nurse let you get hurt—your mother must have wanted to kill her." Lucille's voice and hand were unsteady.

"I was born this way—and I never heard that my mother wanted to kill anybody for it."

"It would break my heart," said the movie girl just above a whisper—"if I were your mother. Some men it might not matter so much—but you!"

LITTLE Patterson took the warm, strong fingers that lay on his sleeve and flattened them out above his heart. He held them there with the flat of his palm through an instant, while something quivered and leaped beneath them. "Stop, look, and listen," he said very softly at length, "before crossing the track."

Then he kissed the fingers lightly and laid them back in their owner's lap. "It's ten o'clock," he said, getting up from his chair, "and the party is going home. Down you go."

"I think I'll stay up by myself for a while," said the movie girl slowly. She let him help her out of the chair and out of the rug's warm folds.

"I think you won't," said little Patterson calmly. "Aren't you working to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"And you worked all day to-day. Nothing doing. You're going down to your room."

"You've got a healthy nerve," said Lucille as she had said it once before upon a slightly different occasion.

"It's the healthiest thing about me," said little Patterson, not without bitterness.

He took Lucille down to the lower deck, then found his way to the smoking room, where he played auction until midnight with a San Francisco banker, a scientist from Java, and a lieutenant of the Coast Artillery, who was on his way home to be married.

From Honolulu to San Francisco by liner is a matter of six golden days. There is the authority of the steamship folders for that. Quite as often, however, the days are gray and sodden, washed with rain or whipped by wind into an amazing and thorough desolation. Equally, the golden days are golden:

indeed, above a sapphire sea and under luring skies. The third day—upon the night of which little Patterson kissed the movie girl, you will remember—had been fair, so had the fourth, but the fifth was dull with clouds, and the sixth had not a splinter of sunshine from beginning to end, so that the moving-picture cameras ceased from troubling, and the manager swore pathetically if anyone asked him how he did.

In those two days when work was out of the question, and the larger part of the passenger list by reason of the good ship's suddenly changing her gait from a buck to a roll remained snugly below, the movie girl and little Patterson stood by the rail, or sat on the topside deck—and clouds are no deterrent to the moving Finger which, having writ, moves on.

Little Patterson knew that, but he smiled and went his way with his eyes open.

Lucille knew it, but she shut her eyes and held out her hands to chance—which is the way of a woman, and will not bear analysis.

Early on the fifth day the talk fell upon Lucille's work, and little Patterson questioned her curiously, his eyes on the gray, tumbling seas, his hands tear-

ing into even fragments a wireless which had come to him that morning.

"You like it, don't you?—the movies?"

"I love it," said Lucille. "I couldn't do anything else now. The excitement sort of gets into your blood. Anything else would seem tame after this."

She was sitting in a steamer chair at the time, and little Patterson was sitting at her feet. She wore his heavy gray mackinaw and a white wool toboggan cap, the relic of a winter in Canada when she had posed for "Amid the Snows."

Her wide, childlike eyes and her soft, rosy mouth showed warm even in the pervading clammy chill of the atmosphere. There was no one else visible on that side of the deck except a cheerful young deck steward, with his cap on the side of his head and a general air of wishing some one to deliver his regards to Broadway.

"Three years now I think you said," suggested little Patterson.

Lucille nodded. "I began with the Vitagraph when I was seventeen."

"Your people—"

"I haven't got any," she interrupted succinctly. "Mother died when I was two—father a year later."

"Rotten luck," said little Patterson softly.

"In a way," said Lucille.

Little Patterson looked at her a moment in silence.

"You funny kid," he said at last. "Is that all?"

"Suppose your father's done time—in San Quentin—when you were only six months old—wouldn't that be enough?" asked the movie girl.

"I see," said little Patterson.

"Embezzlement. He was pardoned out—but he was guilty."

"Ah!" said little Patterson for lack of more fitting comment.

The ship rolled deeply and righted herself with a long, heaving stagger. "We've got a heavy list to port—notice it?" said Lucille with a brave little scowl of pretended abstraction.

"Come on back in the stern," said little Patterson, rising and limping upon the game leg as he did so. "I want to hold your hand and the deck steward's looking."

THENEY went back in the stern, and he held her hand. The wind tore at them, and the tortured seas flung up wild tatters of spray, and a man-o'-war, its long wings stark against the sky, came and drifted through air beside them like the fabled curse; nevertheless, he held her hand, lacing her fingers with his own and fitting her palm, firm and calloused slightly like a boy's, against his own palm, which was somehow softer and yet more strong. Lucille caught her breath imperceptibly at the first warm contact.

They stood for a while without talking, leaning upon the rail, while the strange bird dipped and lifted and circled casually above their heads, and behind the ship the white wake swept into foam and subsided.

"Is your father dead?" asked Lucille gently after a long time.

"Very much alive," said little Patterson, some hidden notion of humor lifting the corners of his lips.

"And your mother?"

"My mother's a stunner."

"Where did you go to school, Pat?"

So early as the third day they had arrived at the milestone of his most intimate nickname. "School!" he answered grimly. "What do you think? I've had tutors. What was there in school for me?"

She caught the jerk of that dragging foot, and her fingers tightened suddenly and sweetly in his. "Oh, Pat! it isn't so bad as that?"

"No?" said little Patterson.

He had a way of clipping off the monosyllable, a thoroughly courteous way which yet left you groping up a blind alley.

"Look at that smear of smoke off there," he said finally. "We're due to pass the *Chiya Maru* at noon to-day. Want to go back and see?"

But when the movie girl turned, her hair, a little too yellow for stern reality, blowing beneath the white toboggan cap, her clear eyes darkening with an unspoken hurt, he caught her back by that still imprisoned hand.

"What do we care," he cried in an utter change of mood, "if every darned ship in the world goes by! Stay here and talk to me."

"What about?" inquired Lucille coolly, but she turned again.

"About you," said little Patterson. He smiled. "Or me. Or you and me. Or politics—I'm not particular, so long as you leave your hand—like this."

"You're pretty (Concluded on page 29)



VON HINDENBURG OF THE LAKES

BY NORMAN DRAPER
DECORATION BY C. B. FALLS

BEFORE Germany went to war I was standing on a street in Berlin when an open automobile drew up to the curb and stopped.

From the tonneau there alighted with much difficulty an aged man of massive frame, dressed in the uniform of an army officer. His face was warty; his features rugged. He was square of jowl, and wore a sweeping mustache, somewhat less aggressive in curve than the Kaiser's, but equally as characteristic. On a gouty foot he hobble into a café.

"That," volunteered a well-informed friend who made his home in the capital, "is old Von Hindenburg, the only man who ever told the Kaiser he had made a mistake at military maneuvers! They say he is afraid of nothing on the face of the earth. His principal hobby is demonstrating on paper and at maneuvers how he can make the bear that walks like a man stand on his head should he attempt to invade German territory."

That was four years ago. To-day Von Hindenburg, or, to give him his full name and title, Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg, Generaloberst, Commander in Chief of the German forces in East Prussia, is one of the most popular military leaders the nation has ever known. He is the idol of all Germany. And, indeed, why should he not be?

Figuratively, he has not only forced the Russian bear to stand upon his head, but he has slapped bruin in the mouth and defied him to bite back. Literally, he has succeeded not only in the stupendous undertaking of stemming the tide of the gigantic armies of the Czar, which threatened to sweep through Prussia and on to Berlin, when younger and more active men utterly failed, but he has rolled up a signal victory for the Prussian arms.

And, mind you, he has accomplished this with a force of men which, through military errors committed by its first commanders, was in serious danger of being wiped from the face of the earth by the Russian columns.

How has he done it? The answer is almost obvious. He employed the plans which for years he had been demonstrating upon paper and at the maneuvers!

Hero of Three Wars

VON HINDENBURG'S success has gained for him among army men the world over the reputation of being the foremost military strategist in Germany. He should be, for practically his entire life (he is sixty-eight years old) has been dedicated to the cause of militarism. He himself has declared many times that he would rather work out a problem in military strategy than do anything else he knew of.

Consider his record. Upon being graduated from the military academy at the age of sixteen he was assigned to the infantry as a second lieutenant. Then came the war with Austria, and Von Hindenburg secured his first practical experience in the science of making war.

At the battle of Königgrätz he and fifty infantrymen under his command suddenly came under the grapeshot fire of the enemy's guns, which were placed upon a slight rise of ground. Von Hindenburg promptly ordered his men to charge the guns. About the same time a bullet grazed his skull and he went down. For three minutes he remained stunned.

By the time he gained strength enough to lift himself upon his elbow and look around him his men were about to capture two of the guns. Three others, however, were being dragged rapidly away by the Austrian gunners who had been attending them. The young lieutenant gained his feet and, with a trail of red streaming from his forehead, started after those fleeing Austrians and their guns. With sixteen of his men, summoned by shout and a flourish of his sword from the struggle around the two guns, he followed the Austrians for more than a mile and attacked the force, which, although three times as large as his own, soon surrendered. For his bravery he was decorated with the Red Eagle Order.

Then came the Franco-Prussian War, and by that



time Von Hindenburg had been promoted to be a first lieutenant. He took part in the battles of Gravelotte and Sedan, as well as the siege of Paris and the heroic storming of Le Bourget. It was during this last-named action that he won the Iron Cross. Eight years after peace was declared he was further recognized and promoted, at the age of thirty-one, to be a captain on the General Staff.

From then on his rise in the army was rapid. He was made a major after two years as a member of the General Staff, and by 1890 he was a department chief at the existing infantry department. In 1896 he was Chief of Staff of the Eighth Army Corps. In 1903 he was in command of the Fourth Army Corps, and from 1904 to 1911 he was a general in the infantry. It was in 1911 that he resigned on account, it was officially stated, of his advanced age. There is, however, another story of his retirement.

It seems that Von Hindenburg was in charge of one force of men at the maneuvers while the Kaiser was in personal command of the other. The Kaiser, at the head of a large body of cavalry, made a thrilling dash across an open plain. When it was over he rode up to General von Hindenburg and asked him what he thought of the charge.

"It was very pretty, your Majesty," replied Von Hindenburg, "but if this had been a real war, we would have gone in behind your men and those who were not slaughtered eventually would have been driven into the Baltic Sea, had they run that far!"

The Kaiser was reported among military men to have resented his general's remark. Whether that is true or not, I do not know. I do know, though, that Von Hindenburg was retired soon after.

Then in the barracks and the cafés he became a great national joke!

Almost on the boundary between Russia and Prussia there lie the Mazurian Lakes, the largest being about the size of Lake George. For years these lakes had been the subject of debates among the military men of Germany. The younger generation of officers contended that it would be an impossibility to defend them should the Russians ever try to cross the border.

Von Hindenburg, at the head of the older generation of military men, said that not only could the lakes be defended, but that they were of immense strategical importance, as they would prove a barrier to the Russians.

As an instructor in the military academy he led forces of men to the lake region every year.

"These lakes," he told them, "are of more military value to Germany than a wall two hundred feet high." And to make sure that the officers and men under him became familiar with the lakes and the region surrounding them he would lead them through the water and the marshes adjacent for days at a time. The men would return from the maneuvers completely exhausted. But not Von Hindenburg. No, indeed. There were times when he would even go back to the lakes all alone and work out some detail he had overlooked.

His "One-Track Mind"

SO THE younger officers finally came to speak of their commander as "the old man of the lakes." And when they so mentioned him they would tap their foreheads with their finger tips to indicate that the lakes constituted for the General a well-developed case of water on the brain.

But Von Hindenburg stuck to his contention, and the officers selected twice a year to go to the maneuvers would philosophically don union suits of rubber when they received orders to accompany the expedition.

Officers being instructed in classrooms by Von Hindenburg, who wanted to get the German equivalent for a "rise" out of him, would simply ask the General why it was impossible to defend the Mazurian region should the Russians march on Germany. In a voice that could be heard a block the General would first censure the officer for his ignorance and then proceed to explain his view of the matter.

In the two years that preceded the war Von Hindenburg's sole activity consisted in working on the problem for the defense of the border at the Mazurian Lakes.

There were many times when he would appear at the fortress of Königsberg and demand a force of men, horses, and cannon to help him work out some detail. The commanders of the fortress would smile at him and would be inclined to refuse his request. It was in their power to do so, as Von Hindenburg was retired and the officers were not obliged to consider his request an order. But he would appear at the fortress in full uniform with his medals and decorations strung across his breast; and, although the younger generation of officers considered that the General was in his second childhood, they would humor him and let him have some men. Generally the "force" consisted of a field gun, several uhlans, and a corporal's guard of infantrymen. That satisfied Von Hindenburg. But when he would return his "force" to the fortress a week later, it was usually a sorry sight to behold.

A Genius and a Bore

THE men and the horses, their heads hanging with fatigue, would be covered with mud. But not so Von Hindenburg. He always returned as vigorous and as fresh as if he had been picnicking. And if you had followed him away from the fortress, you probably would have seen him two days later sitting in some café in Berlin, fashioning upon a table top with little puddles of beer a map of the Mazurian Lakes.

In recent years Von Hindenburg never appeared in the War Office without a portfolio full of maps of the lake region under his arm. Every time he met the Kaiser or any of the officers of the army he would talk lakes.

Finally it got so that when Von Hindenburg would go in any place, the army men who knew him would promptly go out.

In the Reichstag one day it was proposed that the lakes be filled up and the reclaimed ground be given over to farming. Von Hindenburg heard of the prop-

osition and, being out of the capital, he caught the first train he could for Berlin. With his bundle of maps he hastened to the Kaiser. He talked Lakes strategy and defense for a solid half hour. Then the Kaiser stopped him. "For Heaven's sake, keep your lakes!" said he to Von Hindenburg; "I promise you they shall not be filled in."

Rolling the Russians Back

WHEN Germany went to war, Von Hindenburg was at his home near Posen. He immediately offered his services to the Kaiser and requested that he be sent with the force operating against the Russians.

But the Kaiser had generals with the army in East Prussia whom he believed to be the most competent in all Germany. For instance, there was General von Prittwitz. Just what errors he committed I am not in a position to state. It is common knowledge, however, that the Kaiser's army was in a fair way to be defeated. Two million Russians were awaiting an opportunity to get started on their way to Berlin.

Then the Kaiser telegraphed to Von Hindenburg, offering him complete command of the forces in East Prussia. It took the General less than five minutes to accept the offer.

Three hours later a special train was waiting to take him to the capital. When the General reached the railroad station and looked over his train and corps of officers, aides, and orderlies standing at attention beside it, he smiled. "Well, well. That is pretty good for an old pensioner, I guess!"

The following night a high-powered automobile driven by a young captain of artillery sped out of Berlin. In the seat beside him sat General von Hindenburg. All night long the machine raced over the roads. It tore through village after village.

Shortly after daybreak the machine came to a stop. From an automobile three officers alighted. One of them had a roll of maps under his arm.

There was a quick conference, and shortly after it the second automobile turned around and started after that in which the one-time joke of the German army was again speeding toward the front.

All the way to his headquarters Von Hindenburg studied those maps. By the time he reached his destination he knew the position of every regiment under his command. He knew just where each trench was and the location of every battery. That was all he studied the maps for. He had been over practically

every foot of the ground a score of times. For twenty years or more he had known just where every hill and depression in the earth was located. He was familiar with the roads and swamps, and when peace reigned he had carefully studied the Russian territory across the border. Field Marshal von Hindenburg was more than acquainted with the country in which he and his men were to battle with the vast hordes from the north.

Simultaneously with his arrival the Russians began to be rolled back. Frightful bloodletting ensued and a victory was drawn in place of a defeat from the battle of Tannenberg.

When Von Hindenburg took command, the German army was drawn up to the north of the Mazurian Lakes region, facing the forces of General Rennenkampf. The order had already been given to retire, for on the right of the line General Samsonoff was menacing the German forces. The first thing Von Hindenburg did was to withdraw the troops before Rennenkampf and swing them around to the right and rear. The corps from the extreme left of the German line was brought over by railroad.

Rennenkampf did not follow Von Hindenburg, and as the result of a series of flanking movements the forces of Samsonoff were soon completely surrounded. It was said with authority that thousands of Russians perished in the Mazurian Lakes, into which Von Hindenburg had driven them, just as he for years had contended he could!

Better Than Blücher?

THE sanguinary fighting around Wloclawek, Kutno, Lodz, and Lowicz followed. In a single month, according to the most conservative authority I know of, 140,000 Russians were killed and 110,000 were made prisoners. And as this is written the Czar's forces are in retreat. Is it any wonder, then, that there is a popular demand in Germany that the "old man of the lakes" be sent to take command of the troops operating in the west against the English and the French? The belief prevails in the Fatherland that with Von Hindenburg in the western theatre of war, victory would quickly perch upon the German banners. The campaign in East Prussia, as this is written, seems likely to be a long-drawn-out affair. Here's what Von Hindenburg himself recently said about it:

"Even the occupation of Warsaw and of the Vistula line would by no means signify the end of the campaign. The Russians with their immense terri-

tories can fall back indefinitely. Defeated at Warsaw, they can fall back upon Kiev, and from Kiev to Moscow, and even on to Vladivostok, away over in East Siberia! Of course, we cannot follow that far."

Two days before Von Hindenburg made this statement he had received reliable information that the troops he had been fighting were about to be reënforced by an army of one million men. This new army's single object, it was stated, was to separate Von Hindenburg's army from its base of supplies.

Think of that. When they wanted to cut Von Hindenburg off from his base, they sent a million men to do it! There are others besides Germans who have reason to believe that he is the most competent soldier Germany has had since the days of Marshal Blücher.

Beyond all doubt he is the most popular man in Germany. One day last December the papers in Berlin printed a dispatch to the effect that the General was suffering with a slight cold in the head. Within a week there had arrived at his headquarters 10,000 bottles and boxes containing remedies!

The General receives daily a clothes basket full of letters from admiring Germans. An American newspaper correspondent who recently visited him at headquarters said that on that day alone admirers had sent him 5,000 pints of beer for his own personal use. Others had sent him 1,000 boxes of fine cigars. (He does not smoke.) In addition, an immense cake, which bore in icing the advertisement of a ladies' shirt waist which had been named in his honor, had been received. And they say persons who have heard that he was suffering with gout have presented him with no less than 200 pairs of the kind of house slippers known in the United States as romeos.

The General has acquired some degrees since he has been in East Prussia, too. They were presented to him by the Prussian University of Königsberg. A degree of divinity was given him, because he had taught the youth of East Prussia that the God of Battle still lives; a degree of philosophy, because he so brilliantly demonstrated to Königsberg Kant's thesis of the categorical imperative—the will to power and the power to will; a degree of law, because of prompt body execution upon the defaulting Russians; and a degree of medicine, because of the successful amputation of the Cossack cancer from the vital organs of the German nation.

There are Germans who still tap their foreheads with their finger tips when they mention Von Hindenburg. But the taps have a different meaning now!

THE RIDERS

THE narrow street which leads directly to the exhibition grounds was jammed with men, women, and horses. Spectators and participants were intermingled in kaleidoscopic confusion. To one elevated slightly above the pedestrians, as were many in the saddle, it seemed a seething, restless maelstrom. Call it rodeo, round-up, or what you will, the Western range show has an irresistible appeal. It was the third and last, the decisive day, and the little frontier town was gorged with humanity.

In the midst of the pulsing mass rode two—a man and his wife—whose graceful riding easily marked them as professionals. Austere, self-centered, self-conscious perhaps, the man might have been called a poseur by those to whom he was not intimately known. The woman appeared a bit tired and worn.

All about them was laughter and joyousness. The woman dug her silver spurs viciously into the flank of her pony and gave the rein a sharp jerk. The pony jumped sidewise, barely missing a tired woman who trundled a whimpering babe. The man glanced at his wife quizzically.

A girl darted past them on a wiry pony, and a ripple of laughter sounded ever so faintly above the clatter of hoofs and the shuffling of myriad feet. The man was watching the girl's movements intently. She was surrounded by admirers. Suddenly she wheeled and rode past them again, a slender, fair schoolgirl. The bows on her hair rose and fell with her gracefully poised form. She waved her hand and laughingly greeted the man and his wife.

"Hello, Mrs. Kean," she shouted merrily. "Isn't this great crowd just too inspiring! My, I feel like riding the worst outlaw in the corral to-day!"

The girl was gone in an instant, spurring her pony and dashing away with the abandon of youth.

"By George!" exclaimed Kean, "that little cayuse can sure ride!"

"Are you just learning that?" said Mrs. Kean with the barest trace of sarcasm. Then, after a sharp pause: "Pretty, ain't she, Ed?" she said carelessly.

"Considerable," he answered nonchalantly.

"You like the way she rides, don't you, Ed?" persisted his wife.

Kean studied his wife's face intently for a moment. "Cheer up, Belle," he said lightly. "She put one over on you yesterday, but—" "I let her in," interrupted Mrs. Kean earnestly. "I felt like she ought to have a little of the glory. The crowd likes her a lot."

Kean laughed good-humoredly. "That's one way of puttin' it," he said. "Better keep a sharp eye on little Miss Ribbons to-day, Belle. She might do it again."

"Don't you worry none, Ed. She's awful raw, no head work at all. She's got the crowd all right and she nosed me out yesterday, but she'll make some sort of a bull sure. Kids always do. I've still my lead from the first day—"

MRS. KEAN talked on and on as if trying to convince herself as well as her husband of the futility of apprehension.

He listened to her, but offered neither comment nor suggestion. Her perturbation increased with his silence. "Why don't you say somethin', Ed?" she asked a little curtly. "Don't you think that I can win?"

"Of course I do, Tinkle," he said quickly.

His manner greatly disturbed her. She felt an increasing fear of the girl, not because of her ability, but because it seemed impossible for her husband to keep his eyes from following her. The jealousy which had smoldered for the past few days flamed ominously.

"How long have we been ridin', Ed?" she asked. "Fifteen years, ain't it?"

"Yep. Joined Cheyenne Pete's outfit the week after Parson Broncho Jim spliced us. Hully gee, don't seem that long, does it? Remember how we fooled the boys? Ran straight off to Cheyenne when they thought sure we were—"

"Ain't you gettin' tired of this life, Ed?" she interrupted a little wistfully.

Again he glanced at her quickly. "Brace up, girlie," he encouraged. "Don't take it to heart so. You ain't goin' to lose again to-day. We've got to win. Too much depends on it—next year's contract and our bread and butter. The managers have

got terrible exactin' with us riders nowadays. You know we've got to show 'em the real stuff, the medals and the saddles. I'm goin' to ride like the devil himself to-day."

"Ed, don't you think that the managers are gettin' too cranky? Is it that way with all the riders?"

"Sure it is. Why, you don't think they'd discriminate against us?" he said with a laugh; "us that's held our own so long."

"Maybe we're not as good as we were fifteen years ago."

"Shucks!" he ejaculated contemptuously. "This here game gets better as the years roll on. Why, look at me, Tinkle! I'm a better rider than I ever was. No, sirree, you'll hear this bunch that's hotfootin' it to the bleachers right now yellin' themselves hoarse to-night, and you'll hear them shoutin' for the Keans as often as for any of the rest."

"I'm glad you feel that way, Ed," she asserted. "I'm awful pessimistic. I found gray hair while I was comin' this mornin'. You needn't laugh. I did. And I feel stiff and rheumaticy sometimes. Worse than that, Ed, every time I close my eyes I see a little cabin down by the river with roses round the door, and, Ed, sometimes I see little footprints in the sand."

Kean sat bolt upright. "Oh, come!" he exclaimed angrily. "You're gettin' sentimental, Belle. This ain't no game for sentimental sallies! You need a bracer."

Tears sprang into her eyes and her lip quivered for a moment. "Suppose you draw Long Tom to-day, Ed," she said anxiously.

Kean smoothed a tangle from his orange Angora chaps. Then he spat contemptuously. "Long Tom ain't goin' to fall my way. He's a bad one all right, but if I draw him, Tinkle, I'll ride him. I'll ride him straight up and I'll stick."

"That's an awful good way to feel about it," said the woman. "You're always so sure of yourself. I wish I was that way. Somehow I feel like this day's goin' to mean a lot to us. But I'm anxious, Ed; I can't help it."

BY C. E. FISHER
ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

They rode on in silence, working their way to the exhibition grounds entrance. There was little opportunity to hurry, for the streets were jammed with people. Noisy automobiles, laden with those anxious for a first chance at the ticket window, honked caustically through the crowds.

Squaws, brilliantly shawled, jogged along on sleepy cayuses, some smiling, some with papooses strapped to the boards at their side. Ahead were buckayros and cowgirls, laughing and jesting, the men in ornately mounted leathern or brilliantly dyed chaps, wonderfully colored shirts, and wide sombreros; the women in khaki habits, neat sombreros, and trim riding boots. All were astride their ponies.

Belle Kean watched them indifferently, yet she could not refrain from contrasting the spirit of gayety with her own mental attitude. She felt no inclination to join in the badinage. She smiled wanly as a stalwart Indian chief, glorying in the opportunity to display unused finery, rode by. A young buck in breechclout and feathers, fired with the delirium of show, whooped lustily, swinging his painted legs and jostling others carelessly aside.

The Keans paid little heed to the crowds, for they were accustomed to them. Thrice daily for years they had ridden in parade and exhibition. Ahead of them, beside them, behind them were riders whose names were known from Monterey to Bangor, from the Canadian border to Panama. A lithe, flaxen-haired woman with a row of pearly teeth whipped past. The crowd cried her name, and passers-by, to whom they had become known, pointed her and the other riders out for the newcomers.

A buckayro who had won two previous contests passed, and the crowd cheered.

BELLE KEAN was dimly conscious of her own name being muttered. She fell to wondering whether a lust for blood flushed the faces of the expectant multitudes, or whether it was really a passion for skill and daring. She pictured herself at the end of a victorious race, smiling and bowing, and wondered if they knew how difficult had been the victory. She saw herself in mid-air, flung from a frightened animal; heard the cheers and noisy chatter hush instantly, and wondered if they really cared that Belle Kean was hurtling to probable death or whether it was only the nearness of death itself that awed them.

Her husband was speaking at her side, and she aroused as from a lethargy. "For goodness' sake, Tinkle," he was saying, "can't you smile just once?"

She did smile—a faint, sickly sort of smile—and was pleased to see that he seemed relieved. She wanted to please him. She felt a poignant emotion awakened within her by the incidents of the past few days. He had talked almost incessantly of the Clifton girl since her victory of yesterday. Was it mere admiration for her riding, or was there some deeper attraction? Was her own worn beauty and disappearing youth being measured with the comeliness and vigor of the girl? She was even now compelled to resort to subterfuges to hide the unwelcome approaches of age. The color came no more to her cheeks, and there was not the interest in their life work that had characterized it in the years gone by. The strain seemed more enervating; the end of less consequence. She found herself trying to peep into the homes they were passing, and fell to wondering what manner of happiness might be found in them. What a rare pleasure to have a home, to be able to do one's housework, to have friends call! It was not a new idea. Recently it had seemed to grow in strength and insistence.

They were at the gateway to the grounds. Kean was shouting to friends new and old as they rode by and she thought she detected a weakening in his usual braggadocio. Had she been at fault? Had she thrown a damper on his ambition? She would undo her work, would show that she was ready for the afternoon in her old form.

"I'm goin' on around to the corral, Ed," she cried with a tremulous little laugh. "I'll be on hand when

the time comes and ride like the wind. Don't you worry none. I'm goin' to beat you this afternoon. I'm goin' to bring home more trophies than you are and you'll have to ride some if you expect to outdo me."

"That's the stuff, Tinkle. I'll do my share," he said good-humoredly. The Clifton girl again darted past them, working her way fearlessly and easily through the compact groups. "God, can't that girl ride!" he exclaimed. Belle Kean rode off to the far side of the enclosure with the words in fiery letters across her mental vision. Kean rode directly into the arena, for he was one of the star attractions in the lariat throwing and fancy trick riding which opened the program.

BELLE KEAN took her place in the riders' corral, where she waited her turn in the various events. She joined in the grand parade, circling the track and passing through the intricate formations in the arena, but dimly aware of the confusion of horses and riders, of Indians and cowboys and cowgirls. She returned to her place and watched the events from her saddle.

She saw the fancy steer roping, the squaw races, the stage-coach races without once warming to the intense feeling that permeated the riders about her. She listened indifferently to the cheering and took no part in the exchange of greetings as the successful ones returned to their places, or to the friendly badinage directed at those less fortunate.



The final spurt was at hand. Nose and nose they came in. But the bald face of Bess Clifton's pony crossed under the wire first, a flash of white

By the volume of noisy acclaim from bleachers and amphitheatre she knew that the audience was a wonderful gathering in numbers and that enthusiasm was at fever heat. She could see that those about her were nerved to fearlessness and that a rare spirit of bravado was enthraling them. She wished that she might enter into the spirit of festivity with the zeal and delight that was once so dear, but she could not shake off the something that kept her spiritless and silent.

Out in the arena the bucking contests were on; her husband was riding. What horse she did not know, nor did she ask. Not that she did not care, for she did care, but was afraid to look. She wanted him to win and felt that he would ride whatever horse fell to his lot.

Then the track officials came for the entrants in the cowgirls' relay race, the event upon which she had staked her reputation. Across the arena came faint cries of Bess Clifton's name. Mrs. Kean realized that she must race with all odds against her. She was conscious of her lips forming the words "I will." She was driving herself to exert every ounce of will power. She rode into the track with head held high, her dark face immobile, her dark eyes expressionless. At her side rode her fair opponent and three others trailed after them, immature riders who helped but to fill the necessary entries.

As they approached the bleachers a shout went up, which followed them in mighty waves around to the judges' box, growing in volume as they passed row upon row of expectant thousands. The younger girl was far more popular with the throngs. She smiled gayly and occasionally glanced slyly side-

wise, but Belle Kean's face was set and hard. She was thinking only of the race. The cheers fell on dulled ears, for she was wondering what the result of the race might mean. She knew that it possibly meant ready money and a cherished title. Perhaps it meant more. Perhaps it meant her husband's love. She stared steadily over the sea of faces to the brown hills beyond the city.

As the riders lined up for the signal the crowd was on its feet shouting hoarse encouragement. A few favored the woman because of the girl's too evident popularity.

Mrs. Kean saw her husband beside her helper and her string of horses. She glanced over the horses, quickly estimating their fitness, for they were horses that she had never before seen. That was one of the rules of the race. The horses must be strange mounts. She glanced at her husband and caught a glimpse of his shrewd face. The corners of his mouth drooped slightly. Then she saw him admiring her youthful opponent and her lips compressed tightly as she clutched her bridle the tighter. She would win! She must win!

Kean walked over to her side for a single moment. The crowd yelled because he was interfering with the race. She bent down to hear what he had to say. "I've rode Long Tom," he said carelessly, "and stuck."

She understood. He was still as clever as ever and she must show him that she, too, could hold her own. The starter blew his signal. The horses were off in an instant.

The girl gained slightly from the lead and held her advantage to the eighth. The track was flanked for three-fourths the distance by bleachers and amphitheatre. The dust arose in clouds. As the riders swung around the bleacher-flanked track a continuous swell of shouting urged them onward. Belle Kean heard her own name but now and then. She raised her head slightly and craftily watched every move of the pony and rider ahead. She could see through the dust Bess Clifton's slight form clinging to her pony like a bit of cloth.

THEY were all but even when the first half mile was completed. Belle Kean leaped from her saddle, unbuckling the girth as her feet touched the soft earth and her deft fingers drew the cinch in a second on her waiting pony. Not a moment was lost, but the girl was up and away first, forty paces ahead.

The woman dug her sharp spurs into her pony's flanks and the little animal almost leaped from beneath her.

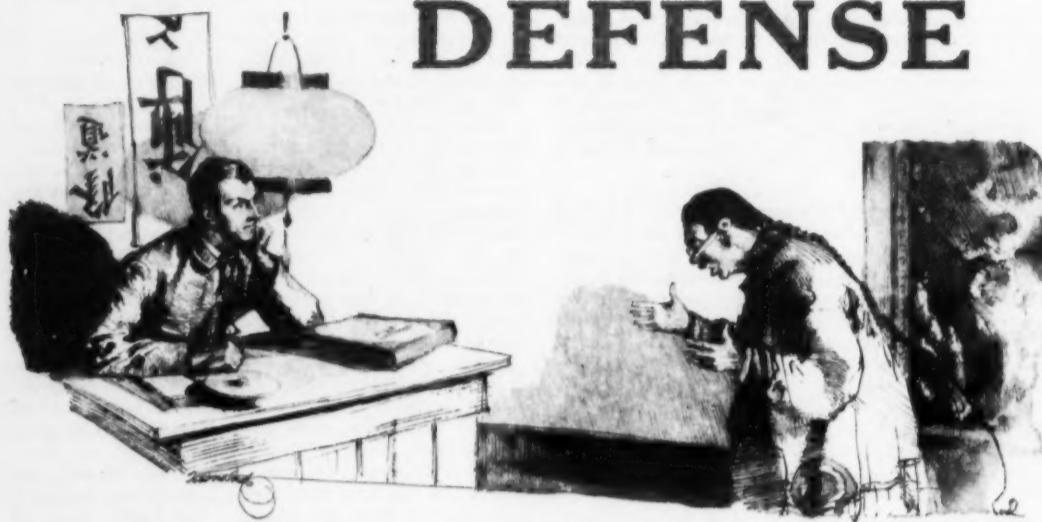
Again they approached the bleachers and again the shouting was renewed. It was all for the younger girl who was still in the lead. The din from the spectators was deafening. Then Bess Clifton made the fatal mistake of youth. She lost her head. Too anxious, too eager, she drew her pony up for the change on the quarter!

Belle Kean, alert, experienced, saw the opening and lashed her pony into it. A terrific din arose from thirty thousand throats. She looked over her shoulder and saw that her opponent had recovered her wits, that she was lashing her pony. Then Belle Kean smiled grimly at the roaring bleachers.

She glanced back again and saw the girl's face. The confident smile was gone. "Poor kid!" she muttered. "Poor kid! I knew she'd do something foolish like that." Now that she had the upper hand the rest was easy. Pity mingled with admiration, for the girl had ridden, was riding splendidly, and she was sorry that this new rider was not to feel that delicious thrill which follows the first big victory. The crowd was quieter now. There was a suppressed excitement. Only the beat of the ponies' hoofs on the soft ground broke the almost tense silence.

Whatever her thoughts, Belle Kean was buried in them for the moment. Suddenly she felt that something had gone awry. Only her own pony's hoof beats could be heard and then she realized that she had ridden far past her waiting horses; that she, too, had blundered. She was compelled to dismount and carry the heavy saddle a hundred feet. Every foot meant lost seconds. (Concluded on page 28)

THE STATEMENT FOR THE DEFENSE



BY ASHBY FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TOWNSEND

THEODORE ROOSEVELT says of this five-hundred dollar-prize story that it is "the kind of sketch which only a few of our fellow countrymen are capable of making: the study of an alien mind of a man of alien race; and we Americans need to understand that there are just such sincere and utterly alien ways of looking at life."

well and waited for me impatiently—and there was the boy.

Next day I passed through Chu Kuan; I was thinking of home. In a doorway, leaning against the doorpost and looking down the street, was a woman. She had just brought water from the village well; the bucket stood at her feet. She turned, and I knew her—and my own son's mother.

When she saw me she fell down, like one dead. A man came from the house, demanding in an angry voice what I did to his wife.

"She is not your wife," I told him.

Then he was more angry, giving me abuse and saying that he had married her six months before. But I saw he spoke truth—she was doing the work of one in her own house.

The man carried a long knife, and this, springing upon him, I wrencheded from his hand. He fought with me, but I was mad and he could not resist me. I cut his throat, and when he fell I hacked off the head.

Then I did the same to the woman; she had not moved since she fell. The Ta jen knows this is the custom when a wife is found unfaithful—to kill one only is murder. For the old times' sake I would have spared her, but I dared not.

The neighbors heard and came running—a great crowd for that small place. They saw what had been done and understood, for not one but knew me again.

They spoke to me confusedly, all together. I did not listen; I stood there and cursed them and their village, for they had allowed this shame to fall on me.

Then a man came—my friend, who had taught my son. He quieted the others and spoke till I attended.

He told me how all had thought me dead; how my brother had sought me once in vain; how my wife, who lay headless before me, had begged him to go a second time, taking my son with him; how he had returned, saying I was dead—that he had seen my grave—and that the boy had died of a sickness on the road.

(Concluded on page 33)

HEAR ME, Ta jen! Indeed, there has been no offense against the law; what was done was done according to custom. Evil men have misinformed the Ta jen.

There was, first, a mistake—by which I alone suffer. True, that affair should have been reported—but to whom? To the Chinese magistrate in whose district it happened? Or to the English magistrate—the Ta jen—under whose rule we live in this place?

Again, I knew not where the Ta jen was to be found moving, as he does, swiftly from village to village, giving advice and doing justice. Since he is here, and would inquire into the business of my brother, I will tell him all, making the matter plain. Yes, Ta jen, I come quickly to my story.

I am Liu Shi Ch'i—it was my elder brother who was Liu Shi Hsiang. When our father died we sold one-half our land to give him a worthy funeral. Twenty mu only was left to us—poor hill land—not enough for two families to eat. There was, besides, one small donkey.

No doubt the Ta jen has heard that I am a scholar—a provincial graduate. How, then, could I work with my hands? This village is too small to have a school, and writing petitions will fill no man's mouth.

So I said to Shi Hsiang: "Elder brother, I will go away. Our land may support you, your wife, my wife, and my little son, for we have done our duty to our father, and a blessing should rest on us. I will seek work in Peking, where scholars are honored. When I have money I will return." And Shi Hsiang let me go.

I was a scholar, but without understanding. What could a poor countryman know of Peking? The Ta jen has been there? Then he has seen and he has heard. I was without money and without friends. How might I find employment where ten men with influence seek the post of any one man that dies?

I had good clothes, of a country fashion. One by one I ate them! The accountant of the pawnshop was a man of a good heart. At length he said: "Why stay here, where you will starve? See, from my own pocket I will lend you two dollars. Go to Kuan Tung, to the city of Ying K'u. There all may find work."

So I went. When the money was spent I begged on the road—I, who am a scholar!

ICAME to Ying K'u. That night I slept in the street, crouching against the shutters of a shop. In the morning, when the shop was opened, I took the broom and swept the road before the place. For this they gave me a piece of bread.

The next day and the next I did the same, till the people of the shop began to know me. Then they spoke to the old man who sold them bean curd for their evening meal.

They said: "You have been searching for an assistant. Take this man. He begs, but he is no beggar. We know he is willing to work."

So I sold bean curd for the old man, hawking it on the street, and my stomach was filled.

The Ta jen is a great traveler. Has he been to Ying K'u? Then he certainly knows the silk shop of Meng, whom they nickname Hao Ming because of his good repute. I sold bean curd to the assistants of that shop; Meng Hao Ming himself came to notice me.

Presently he found that I could write well and cast accounts. Then he said: "Come and work for me. You are clever; I think you are honest. My accountant returns home in the next moon."

Now, indeed, I began to prosper; some day I might

be rich. I thought to write a letter home—but who in this village could have read it? Then my elder brother came, traveling with our small donkey, seeking for me, and finding me by chance. I had been in Ying K'u five years. He told me all at home were well, and that my little son was strong and fat.

Yet still they were very poor. Three mu of land he had sold, that they might eat. Also my wife, longing for me and fearing me dead, had sent him to search. The donkey had paid the way, carrying travelers short distances on the road.

When he told me all this I wept, wishing to see my home. But I feasted Shi Hsiang well; then I gave him a hundred taels of silver, saying: "Elder brother, one-half of this is for you and for my sister-in-law; concerning it I shall never speak again. With the other half buy food and clothes for my son and his mother. At present, as you see, I may not return." So we parted.

In three years more he came again, bringing my little son.

Ai-yah! He was a fine boy, twelve years old, tall and straight. He had manners, too; and a scholar in Chu Kuan—my friend—out of respect for me, was teaching him books. I have heard that the Ta jen loves children, even as do we Chinese; what I felt he will know.

By now I was richer. I gave my brother twice what I had given before, sending him happy on his way. I would have kept my son near me, but his place was with his mother.

Half of all I gave was for my brother himself; hear how he rewarded me.

That was in the spring. In the twelfth moon my employer sent for me. He said: "Since you have been in my shop, business has prospered. I think you have brought me luck. Now I wish for more of it, but you must have your share." Then he offered to take me as his partner at the New Year.

After that they called me Liu Yu Fu—"Lucky Liu." I asked only for one month at the New Year, that I might come home. I would return to Ying K'u, bringing my son and his mother.

I lost no time. From Ch'inwang-tao I came on a big foreign steamer to Chefoo; from there I would walk to this village.

For nine years I had not seen the mother of my son; my brother had said she was



I stood there and cursed them and their village, for they had allowed this shame to fall upon me

ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FLAGSHIP "LION"

THE wind begins to hum in the rigging and the great gray hull beneath your feet to tremble a little as the hidden forces animate her with an increasing energy. It is a summer morning in the North Sea; the early mists that the sun has turned to saffron and gold before drinking them up altogether are being whirled away from round about you, and the blue sea begins to unfold itself to the horizon. From your perch above the signal bridge the gray deck below seems like an island in that sea—an island packed with boats and guns and castings and turrets; and looking aft through the web of wire rigging and signal halyards you see three other gray islands looming up and swinging into position astern of you. For the First Battle Cruiser Squadron of the British navy, consisting of the greatest and fleetest warships of the world, is putting to sea.

You are standing on a platform that is one of a tier of five in the center of the ship. Above you is the navigating platform; and through the thrum of the wind on the wire stays you can hear the voices of the navigating commander or the officer of the watch, who, with their instruments before them and speaking tubes gaping all round them, are conning the ship on her way. And almost certainly with them on this platform is the captain—that august and isolated authority who knows everything, sees everything, is responsible for everything, and says next to nothing. But your platform, a story below this, is empty except for yourself. It is, indeed, sacred to one greater than the captain—the admiral whose guest you are; and it behoves you, since you are privileged to be here at all, to keep out of the way and offend as little as possible against that searching vision of the seaman to whom the presence of a mere onlooker, spectator, or passenger is something of an impropriety.

There is a light, quick step on the ladder below you, and the figure of the admiral swings into your view. For though each of these mighty ships is an august unit within herself, her personnel divided and subdivided into all the ranks that extend from the captain to the least of the ship's boys, yet on board the flagship there is another court, a greater state. Each captain of a ship is king of his country; but the admiral of a fleet is emperor, and rules over all the kings and all the countries. He has his own quarters, his own staff, a flag commander, a flag lieutenant, secretary, and writers; his own coxswain, his own staff of servants, his own cook; for in the day cabin that extends across the mighty beam of the ship he must entertain his fellow emperors of the sea, as well as sometimes the crowned monarchs of other lands which his squadron may visit. And from this platform where he now stands he directs the movements, not of this ship alone, but of all the ships in the squadron; and also, according to the nature of his command, the ships of other squadrons miles away out of sight below the horizon, to whom the crackle of the wireless and its threadlike buzz and whine in the receivers far away convey hourly and daily his commands. To this eminence in the greatest sea war of all time has risen David Beatty in his forty-fifth year; and stands there at this moment somewhere in the North Sea, with a great part of England's and the world's destinies in his hand.

Look well at this man as he paces backward and forward across the airy platform out among the smoke and rigging and sea wind. It is a small figure, for he is a little man—little and neat and well proportioned, yet giving you an impression of physical strength and a contained energy that is positively disturbing. I have never seen anyone who gives me such a sense of the energy and vitality that can be contained in one human body as David Beatty gives. You feel that energy has been poured into him at enormous pressure, that it is working and boiling within him, and that some one is sitting on the safety valve. His face is a curious combination of heavy lines and sharp and clear-cut angles—heavy wrinkles and lines, as though written by age and care, that diverge upon a youthful outline; quick flashing gray eyes that can rest upon you for a moment searchingly and glance away again like a bird's. There is, indeed, something birdlike about the whole man, in his quickness, his neatness, his smooth plumage, his effortless exercise of strength, and appearance of happiness and light-heartedness. His voice is deep and resonant—strangely deep to issue from so small and slim

A character study, from the pen of one who knows him intimately, of Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty, K.C.B., M.V.O., D.S.O.; whose brilliant conduct in two actions in the North Sea restores to Britain's navy some of the ancient glamour



A Coming Lord Nelson

"I have never seen anyone who gives me such a sense of the energy and vitality that can be contained in one human body as David Beatty gives."

a body; and as he snaps out an order to his flag lieutenant—"G 16"—and as the signal flags on the word run up to the yardarm, and the answering pennants on the other ships are hoisted, and the flags run down, and the throb of the engines deepens, and the white bone that each ship carries in her teeth spreads wider and bigger as the speed of the squadron is increased to sixteen knots, you realize a little what an admiral's word stands for and what powers are those intrusted to him.

Of Luck and Pluck

THE brilliant action of the British fleet off Helgoland in the middle of September was the first intimation to the world at large that in David Beatty the British fleet possessed a young commander in whom the priceless qualities of dash, coolness, and judgment were remarkably combined. And his daring exploit at the end of January, when he sank the *Blücher*, was merely the wholesome confirmation of England's high hopes of him. For years he has been a marked man, marked by fortune, as well as by his own qualities, for the highest positions in the British navy. If things continue to go with him as they have hitherto gone, he will be one of the three or four men by whom during the next decade or so the destinies of the navy will be largely influenced.

Since he first stepped upon it as a midshipman thirty years ago, the road of his destiny has lain clear and straight before him. His luck is proverbial. He has always been lucky. Springing from one of those sporting Irish families that do so little for themselves and Ireland if they stay there, and so often come to distinction in the larger world, David

Beatty was not originally intended for the navy, and it is only by a kind of chance that he entered the one service in which his qualities could find their fullest scope. That was one piece of luck; the others followed hard upon it. He got on well from the first; went through his routine training rapidly and efficiently, and got his chance with Kitchener in the Soudan campaign of 1898.

That great winnower of human wheat from the chaff found in Beatty's combined coolness and dash, and above all in his common-sense efficiency, a youngster after his own heart. If there were anyone to tell it adequately, a romantic story might be made of the building of a British gunboat far away on the banks of the Nile, and of the things which happened on her trial trip. At the end of the campaign Beatty was decorated and promoted to commander, a rank which he attained at the unusually early age of twenty-seven. Luck gave him another chance in the Boxer rising of 1900, when he again distinguished himself in war service, and created a new record by being promoted to captain at the age of twenty-nine. His last command as captain was the *Queen*, and on relinquishing her he went to the Admiralty as Naval Adviser to the First Lord.

There are many ways of being a First Lord, and there are many ways of giving naval advice; it is enough to say here that the views of Mr. McKenna and of the naval adviser were so inharmonious that Captain Beatty was put on half pay. But when Mr. Churchill went into that office one of the first things he did was to send for Beatty and reinstate him as his adviser; an association which continued, with the happiest results, until Beatty returned to the sea to command what is perhaps the most formidable squadron unit at present occupying the seas; there in grim earnest not only to test his luck, but to give proof of the qualities that have brought him with so brilliant a rush to the most distinguished position that any man of his age, not even excepting Nelson, has held in naval history. For by his promotion to the rank of rear admiral at the age of thirty-nine, for which a special Order in Council was necessary, and again on his appointment as acting vice admiral at the outbreak of war, he created the highly interesting record of being the youngest officer of either rank in the naval history of all time.

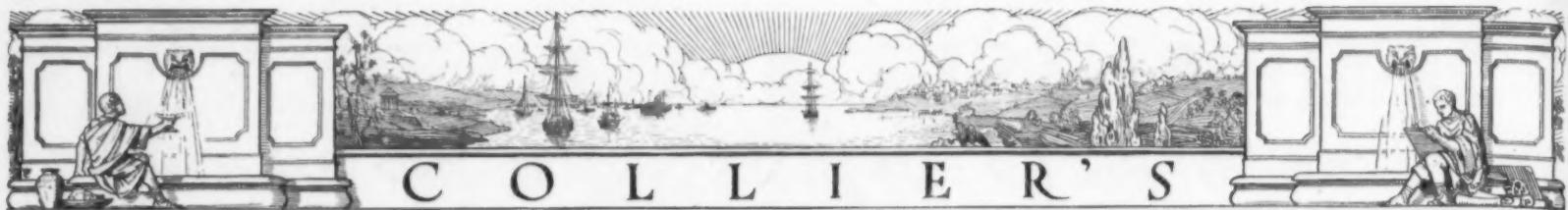
When one speaks of Beatty's luck one must not omit to mention the fact that through his marriage to the daughter of Marshall Field he shares the enjoyment of a fortune so considerable that if he had been less keen, less sound, less ambitious, it would have been the death of him professionally. It need not be said that there are those who suggest that this

fortune has had no inconsiderable share in his rise to distinction. Such things are, of course, always said. And there is this much truth in them: that a young officer already distinguished professionally, known as a keen sportsman and possessed of great personal attraction, is not by any means hindered in his external career by the command of wealth. It gives him a chance; it makes intercourse smooth and easy; the people who have power and influence are met with on the pleasantest footing; and such good qualities as a man may have are often regarded as something quite miraculous when they are associated with the possession of deer forests and grouse moors and stables full of hunters, and yachts and motor cars, and all the other things that the world which calls itself the world dearly loves to be provided with at some one else's expense. David Beatty himself would be the first to admit his good fortune in this respect. On the whole, however, it has affected him as little as it could affect anybody.

Money will do a great many things; how many, none know better than those who have to go without it. It will make life smooth and pleasant; it will give a man a platform for his achievements and a frame for qualities that but for it might never have a chance to make themselves felt; it will buy indirectly a certain amount of influence.

But more than this, in clean hands at any rate, money will not do. It will not invest a man with powers and qualities which he does not possess. Least of all will it avail him in the actual professional work of the grim sea service of England. There is just one thing about that work—it has got to be done.

(Concluded on page 25)



A Good Veto

PRESIDENT WILSON has vetoed the Immigration Bill after the most careful consideration. His reasons, as stated in the special message to the House of Representatives, are that the bill in its present form is unpractical, because it does not impose the right tests (as indicated by experience) for admission to our country; and that it is wrong in principle because it denies our country's asylum to those who have been exiled for seeking freedom and denies our country's opportunities to those who have had no chance at an education. The bill was vetoed because it does not pick good citizens for the United States, but merely shuts the door against some who may or may not be likely to turn out good citizens. Whether or not the bill will be passed over the President's veto depends entirely on whether he is right in his belief that the people of our country have not made up their minds in favor of such a measure. The bill passed the House by 252 votes to 126 and the Senate by 50 votes to 7. These figures will not give a two-thirds majority on the full strength of either House, and in previous disputes the President has shown himself a better judge than Congress of public opinion. Undoubtedly the measure had, and has, the support of the new Know-nothingism that is now abroad in the land. But it is also true that some of the ablest and most high-minded men in public life supported the bill from motives just as conscientious as President WILSON'S. Probably, on the whole, it is just as well not to have departed from our traditional policy of free asylum. At the same time, if Congress should attempt to pass the bill over the veto, we think very decidedly that President WILSON ought to rest on his formal disapproval, and should not set out to lobby against it, nor in any way use his position and power to influence the votes of individual members.

—And a Poor Bill

AND THEN ONE WONDERS why President WILSON does not use the same acute judgment in determining his position on the proposed Ship Purchase Act. Here certainly is a measure on which the people of the country have not made up their minds. It may very well be shoved through Congress under the stress of interest and partisanship, but this procedure will not answer the forcible and logical objections brought against it by such able men as Senator BURTON of Ohio. The war has banished many ships from the seas and has enlisted many others in the service of the contending governments. Numerous European ports are closed altogether, and others are badly congested by the resulting overflow and by the crush of military-transport requirements. It takes weeks now to unload a ship at Liverpool where it used to take days. The law as to contraband, ownership, and other disputed points is not wholly settled. The net result of all this is that ocean freight rates are high and likely to remain so for some time to come, and that transoceanic freight service is both slow and uncertain. Under present conditions the proposed measure is hasty and impracticable. It is also wrong in principle in that it sets out to cure a difficult trade problem by falling back on the Treasury. We had a great deal of this when HANNA and his followers were trying to dispense prosperity to the manufacturing interests, and it forms the least creditable chapter in the history of the Republican party. The Ship Purchase Bill may be fairly described as representing the economic Know-nothingism of certain Democrats plus the desire of certain Cabinet members to enlarge their own scope. If President WILSON applies the same tests, he will veto it as he did the Immigration Bill.

A More United Country

LESS THAN FORTY YEARS AGO two fanatical young experimenters heard the world's first telephone conversation over a wire stretched between the rooms of their Boston workshop. Last month the same two men, ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL and THOMAS A. WATSON, formally opened the first transcontinental telephone line between New York and San Francisco, and heard each other much more clearly than they did that first time. The speed and power of modern engineering genius was never more strikingly shown, and the details are as remarkable as the feat itself. Imagine the human voice transmitted through 740 tons of copper and across the entire United States in about one-fifteenth of a second. Imagine talking 3,400 miles to your friend over a "phantom circuit" which is nothing at all but the abstract relation between four real wires! The new repeaters, which "boost" the conversation every

thousand miles or so, have left no known limit to the land distance over which one may talk. The chief engineer, Mr. JOHN JOSEPH CARTY, hints very cheerfully of telephoning to China some day. Why not? The limit was fifty miles when he began, and they have added 4,700 miles to that already. But greater than these facts, and more important than prophecies, are the courage and brains and faithful patient work of the many who have labored together to draw our whole United States within the compass of a single human voice. By these things is our country united—and justified.

The Frank Case

IF LEO FRANK IS INNOCENT, imagine the tragedy of his case! For nearly two years he has been confined in jail. The people of the whole country have been told that he is guilty of probably the most odious conceivable crime. The additional dramatic touch in his case is that he happens to be a man of unusual sensitiveness and refinement. A former teacher of his writes that he is "clean-minded, gentle, fearlessly honest." Former fellow students of his at Cornell bear out his teacher. Persons who come in contact with him in prison say that he is not oppressed by his tragedy. He is careful about taking exercise and cold baths, intelligently keeping his body in the best shape for sustaining spiritual trial. Assuming his innocence, nothing in fiction exceeds the tragedy of his experience. Indeed, in fiction the case would be smiled at as over-melodramatic. Once in so often a case of this kind occurs. The lesson it bears for charity to all who are accused is plain. Any reader of these lines might just as well be the man in FRANK'S shoes. Only the exceeding horror of FRANK'S case makes it well known. Many another man is similarly involved in cases less conspicuous, but equally crushing to the victim in his own circle.

Depravity Begins at Home

THE MAYOR OF ATLANTIC CITY, according to a newspaper interview, thinks that resort has been "reformed until it's dead for want of amusement," and proposes to advertise for two hundred and fifty live-wire chorus girls, fifty walloping prize fighters, and as many first-class gamblers. We do not know whether the Mayor of Atlantic City has a daughter. If he has, we suggest that she be the first one employed by her father for the purpose of creating some lively night life for Atlantic City. We are quite aware that this is a rather brutal way of putting it, but we know of no means more effective to bring home to this man and men like him the precise nature of his suggestion.

Cause and Result

THE BUREAU OF EDUCATION and the National Child Labor Committee, working separately, have shown again that child labor and illiteracy are two sides of the same thing. As child labor is cut down, the children learn to read and write. This is what we want, for there is no sense in sacrificing the future to the present. A good farmer will not grind his seed corn.

"Why France Is Gay"

PROBABLY more persons will read JAMES HOPPER'S article in this week's COLLIER'S than will read this paragraph. We hope so. Sometimes even an editor is enthusiastic, and that is most likely to be when the article he reads mixes sincerity with its picturesqueness, a sense of moral force with its report of things as they are. Mr. HOPPER has seen France laboring under a great calamity, and he has understood.

What Europe Is Losing

THE ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE was an appalling disaster, but Germany has had such an earthquake practically every three weeks since the beginning of last August, and worse, for only her picked and skilled men are slain. What can Nature do to men as bad as the things they inflict on each other? The waste of property is not so important, for what we have had we can make again, but human life, once wasted, is forever lost. Think of the devil's task to which Europe's leadership has devoted her strength. The masses of men now busied in slaughter have no personal interest in it. When this war is over they will go back to work, and their lives will be narrow and hard, or not, according to what they can do in their several places. But even now the power that could achieve for all of them a broader and better life is being poured out in murder, like heart's blood into sand. These armies could construct a Panama Canal every month, they could rebuild all the slums on earth, irri-



gate the Sahara, clear the jungles of Africa and South America, and set mankind to living in a world worth while. Why is there not sense enough to do this? Why do we waste the ages in these canceling policies of hate and death and fear? It is the immost creed of the United States that constructive, helpful work is better than lies and war, that "a city of brothers in brotherliness abiding" is a dream that can be made to come true for all men. Europe's time for seeing this is postponed only; it is not lost.

Smoke Up

BUSINESS," says a New York merchant, "will soon be so good that we will all be smoking fifty-cent cigars." Which, when you get right down to contributing causes, has been really a weakness of American business. It has occasionally leaped too eagerly from a stogy to a fifty-cent-cigar basis.

The Brimstone Uplifters

WHEN THE BACKWOODS, hard-shell type of preacher found his flock getting listless, he used to rouse their zeal and restore his own self-confidence by venting himself in a real old hell-fire sermon. Very few of these men ever built up large churches. Their life work was to found and maintain the bitter little hating sects that did so much to distort and discredit religion among thinking people. Their modern successor is the brimstone uplifter. For instance, Messrs. FORGAN and REYNOLDS are doing good work in the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, and Representative LINDBERGH of Minnesota publishes the most childish nonsense about the "possibility" of their abusing their trust to juggle prices. He cannot understand their work, so he vilifies it. Mayor MITCHEL of New York City appoints an unemployment committee and gets various prominent business men to work on it. And AMOS R. E. PINCHOT (GIFFORD PINCHOT is the tame one) writes him a long letter denouncing the men and the project and breathing fire and brimstone against whatever they may do. The Federal Government puts a tax of one cent on certain telephone and telegraph messages, and specifies that the user is to pay it. Thousands of notices to this effect, signed by a Government official, are posted by the public telephones, and the brimstoners at once begin to yell that the corporations have found a fresh pretext to rob the people for their own gain! This country needs all the fair and sane criticism that it can get. There is much to be done and many changes to be made. There always will be. But we will get no help from the men of littleness and hatred. They create only confusion and disgust; they help privilege, not progress. It is good will that will bring about the better day.

Liquor and Lawlessness

FORT SMITH, ARK., is the border city between that State and Oklahoma, and border communities rarely grow famous for righteousness. But in Fort Smith there was not a single arrest made in forty-eight hours, which included New Year's Day. In this connection, ponder the fact that *Fort Smith went dry last August*. Mr. E. N. HOPKINS editor of "Arkansas Fruit and Farms," has been kind enough to give us these details:

The liquor interests advocate that prohibition does not prohibit, but the record here in Fort Smith shows that the curse has been eliminated to a point where our jails are empty, our police half of what it was when we had saloons, the cost of feeding prisoners is less than fifty dollars per month as compared to nearly a thousand a month under wet conditions, and our city jail is now used as a lodging house for the transient poor. No arrests occurred in Fort Smith from Thursday morning to Saturday morning, which included New Year's Day. Mr. HOPKINS incloses a statement by the Chief of Police showing that, whereas in the last six months of 1913 there were 2,563 arrests, during the corresponding dry months of last year there were only 1,329. We are standing at attention to hear how the apostles of booze explain away this drop of 1,234 under a dry régime.

An Echo from Iowa

ANOTHER LETTER—this time from Waterloo, Iowa—contains this meaty bit:

The saloons in Iowa have been dwindling, and are being chopped off here and there through one action or another for the last number of years. In 1910 we had nearly 4,000 saloons in the State. To-day we have whittled them down to about 560, and we have, through court actions and other actions, 150 of these to be closed between now and July 1 next. Des Moines, our capital, is to close its 86 saloons on the 16th of February under a vote of the City Council. This is our idea of Progress.

Plowing the Soul in Kansas

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE has told us how Kansas boarded the water wagon. Enthusiastically he describes his State reaching a "stage of social and economic adjustment much nearer the ideal status of the dreamers than the most radical visionary would have thought possible." Then sounds this sudden wistful note:

And yet this population, so abundantly blessed, has not produced one great inventor, one great statesman, one great poet, novelist, artist, philosopher, or leader whose fame is really lasting and national. We have contributed nothing to the world that our sister State of Nebraska, with her saloons, cannot duplicate, except happiness and prosperity. That happiness and prosperity are worth while, from the viewpoint of those striving to be happy and prosperous, no one can deny. But are they worth while when the world's progress is considered? Are they an end in themselves? When we are all happy and prosperous, will the world be finished and wrapped up ready for delivery into whatever heaven or hell to which we are bidden?

It is the pioneer's inevitable question—after pioneering is done. Some escape it. Their spirits demand that thrill of creation which comes from breaking trails, plowing virgin soil, raising roofs when the house one is building seems the only one in the world. When their neighborhood gets "too civilized" they move on. They have no time to question. Behind the smug comfort and level commonplaces they run away from there is, however, a second division of pioneers—spiritual frontiersmen—who go into new countries with their souls, rather than their bodies. Theirs the questioning and devils of doubt. Kansas is growing up.

That There "Sphere"!

THOSE CONSERVATIVES who shudderingly await the smashing of all their home idols by the feminist movement encourage themselves to remember how in the good old days all women loved to cook and scrub and darn—especially to cook. They did do an enormous amount of cooking of a sort, but the proof is entirely absent that they did it any better or more cheerfully than their successors. At Bowling Green, Mo., a story is told of one of the grandmothers who married for love only, and, having no slaves, had to do her own cooking. One morning during the first month of housekeeping she awakened her husband by climbing out of bed at four o'clock in the morning. On his demand to know why in the world she was getting up so early, she tartly replied: "To get one of those darned meals off my hands as quick as possible." If we had dictograph records from the quilting bees of the good old days we might discover that grandmothers got quite as tired "feeding the brutes" as do their granddaughters. If a hundred of the most submissive housewives of those days, who never so much as cast a sheep's eye outside "her sphere," were lined up in a cooking contest with a hundred of our active suffragettes, we aren't sure but that the suffragettes would win the prize with chin up and hands down. Some women love housework and always will, while others hate it and always will.

Stronger Than Cannon

BELGIAN HOTHOUSE GRAPES appeared in the Chicago markets some days ago in normal quantities and at nearly normal prices. Two weeks after the bombardment of Antwerp, Belgian market women were pushing their carts through the streets loaded with pears and grapes—beautiful hothouse grapes, at ten cents a pound. Nature seems to say: "What are all these little men and their little guns and their rushings this way and that to me? Is the morning any less beautiful, the rain any less kind, because those tiny specks, set here and there across the landscape like a child's lead soldiers, choose to kill each other?" Mr. SHAW, in one of his flashes of realism, smiled recently at those who thought that war could "destroy" a country. France, "crushed" in '71, emerges forty-three years later, stronger than ever. A writer in the "Century" speaks of the thrift of the French peasants: "They are wonderful gardeners. Their cabbages and potatoes formed a more substantial entente cordiale with England than any necromancy of the genial EDWARD." You remember that scene in ZOLA'S "Downfall" where the young French soldier, in the thick of the Sedan disaster, saw a peasant plowing behind a big white horse: "Why lose a day? It was not because they were fighting that the wheat would stop growing or the world go on living." Of all the nations fighting, the Russians, it is said, are the only ones who cannot be beaten. They have plenty of men and they can take their time. But Mother Earth is bigger than the Russians. She has all the men and all the time.

OLD NEW ORLEANS

A STORY-TELLING RAMBLE—BY HARRIS DICKSON

TO BE turned loose without engagements or the tyranny of a clock, free to drift at will through the sunshine of a clear November day for a reminiscent ramble in old New Orleans—that is joy for which to thank whatever gods there be.

Years ago, when it required six weeks to cross the Atlantic, Washington Irving wrote: "To the American visiting Europe the long voyage is an excellent preparative. The vast space of waters is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world."

Old New Orleans is quite another world—of novelty without bustle. It would seem prosaic to step out of a modern hotel, which belongs to that up-to-date, thriving business city, and go speeding down Chartres Street in our shiny automobile. Leave the motor at Canal Street, where motors belong. No smell of gasoline shall offend the sensitive redolence of Bienville's "*vieux carré de la ville*." Avoid those jangling trolleys. We mean to walk; not walk, but saunter. We intend to loaf along, to meander across the narrow streets; to follow vagrant fancies into delicious byways; to peep through forbidden wickets; to push open that solid green gate which stands alluringly ajar; to startle the barefoot negro girl, who is pouring buckets of water along a dim, paved corridor. The girl looks up, half curious, half smiling at the intrusion.

Beyond the darkness we see a flagstoned patio, with stark, white statues among the greenery of palm and fern. Sunlight flickers down upon the red hibiscus; a Spanish dagger rears its pinnacle after a pearly bell; perhaps a monkey chatters. Perhaps a pair of dark eyes glance wonderingly from her casement at the rear—her prudent casement which reveals no more. We step back, ashamed of our curiosity, yet tantalized with a glimpse of what lies hid behind these solid green barriers. Naturally there's a story—we do not know what it is, but we want to know, just as we ache to peep through every tightly shuttered window, to wake the dormant echoes within by a resounding bang upon that iron knocker.

Fold up the twentieth century, plunge into the mustiness and legend of the *ancien régime*. Go straight to the Cathedral. It is Saturday afternoon. The Angelus bell calls out melodiously from the tower. Let us step inside, softly and reverently. Listen! The priest intones a mass for the repose of the soul of Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, long-dead noble of Andalusia. It was he who, after the great fire of 1788, built this church as a gift to the city which had been so kind to him in riches, honors, and a gracious Creole wife. And here—these gray walls forget nothing—here, at the twilight of every Saturday, perpetual masses soothe the generous Spaniard's soul. Beneath its foot-worn floor lies Don Andres, with many a buried priest and prelate. The altar at the left is dedicated to our Lady of Lourdes, and its ever-trickling water is brought from that venerated shrine.

This apparition stalking down the aisle? Call him not the sexton, but the "Suisse" with his cocked hat, his sword and halberd. In medieval garb he attends all services, and will so continue until the end.

Out again into the sunshine. Glance at those primitive water pipes lying in the alley—trunks of cypress trees bored through their middle, and fitting each into the other. Once they served their purpose well.

Here's the Cabildo, also erected by Don Almonaster for the "very illustrious Cabildo," a conference of grave provincial magnates which governed the infant city.

Serene and unblinking the gray Cabildo stares across the Place d'Armes, and has witnessed many stirring scenes. Long before the building was, Bienville's engineers laid out their parade ground

as a rallying place for troops. It saw the beginning of things for New Orleans, being the anvil upon which so much Colonial history was forged. Let

knew that obstinate lady's motives for clinging to single blessedness. After two centuries of reticence nobody is likely to find out.

Twenty-five years later the Place d'Armes saw the arrival of another consignment, selected for the opposite reason. The first cargo had been exported for their vices, the second for their virtues—young women of good families and unimpeachable characters. The company provided each with her dower in a small trunk, from which they were called the "casket girls" or *filles de la cassette*. The pride of later generations traced descent from "casket" rather than "correction" girls.

In March, 1766, the Spanish Governor, Don Antonio de Ulloa, landed to rule over an unwilling people, French by every instinct, who resisted their willy-nilly sale to Spain. A mile away, in the gardens of Mme. Pradel—perhaps near the present corner of Carondelet and Common—a group of patriots gathered to voice Colonial indignation at the barter, and insist upon remaining Frenchmen. Insurrection followed and expulsion of the Spaniard.

Here Ulloa's frigate lay when roistering youths cut her cable and sent that undesired governor drifting back to Spain. This hushed the Place d'Armes into a period of peace, with of anxiety and apprehension, while the colonies dispatched their supplicants to the throne of France.

During this interim a proposition to establish a republic was discussed; the Creoles actually sent emissaries to the British-American Colonials suggesting a confederation.

The first mutterings of storm came on July 25, 1769, with the announcement that Count O'Reilly, Irish lieutenant general in the service of Spain, was on his way to take possession. Nearly a month later the Spanish fleet anchored off the Place d'Armes. Drums beat, troops assembled, O'Reilly landed three thousand Spanish veterans, and formally assumed command.

The last chapter of this Spanish transfer was written on October 25—written with the flash of musketry, and in the blood of martyrs; Lafrenière, Noyan de Bienville, Marquis, Caresse, and Milhet were shot to death as traitors to the crown of Spain.

Here's a story: Lafrenière owned a negro cook named Artus. After the execution Governor O'Reilly sent for Artus and said: "You now belong to the King of Spain, and until you are sold, I shall take you into my service." Fearlessly the negro answered: "Don't dare do that. You killed my master, and I should poison you."

In 1803 the Place d'Armes witnessed the most important events in its history. On November 3, Salcedo, the Spanish Governor in the Sala Capitular of the Cabildo, transferred the province to Laussat on behalf of France. The portentous flag of Spain was hauled down forever, and the Lilies floated in its stead; but only until December 20, when Laussat delivered Louisiana to the American commissioners, Wilkinson and Claiborne. The Stars and Stripes replaced the Lilies, insignia of sovereignty over a trackless empire which now embraces nearly one-half of the American Union. At that time New Orleans had 10,000 population.

Ten years later war drums again aroused the slumbering parade ground—British invaders were approaching, and the city trembled. The nondescript appearance of Andrew Jackson failed to reassure them. He wore a small leather cap, frayed trousers, worn and rusty high top boots—most discouraging to lovers of gaudy uniforms and martial fripperies. Yet he drove off the picked veterans of Britain and brought a proud day to the Place d'Armes. The victorious Tennessean and his staff advanced from the river to salvos of artillery, bursts of music, and wild huzzas. Grateful Creoles led their deliverer to the crowded Cathedral, where a solemn Te Deum of thanksgiving was sung.

At Dumaine and Royal, from Mme. Porée's balcony, the historian, Charles Gayarré, saw a bevy of ladies fluttering their handkerchiefs to the Creoles

Photograph by Charles Pheps Cushing



Leave the motor at Canal Street, where motors belong. No smell of gasoline shall offend the sensitive redolence of Bienville's *vieux carré*.

some garrulous person gabble to you of what has happened here. Here the outcast Acadians, driven from their homes, were welcomed by hospitable Creoles, speaking their own beloved tongue and cherishing the same traditions. Here came Evangeline, and Longfellow's imagination followed her in verse.

During those hurly-burly days of a nation's genesis this parade ground presented a picturesque appearance, glowing with color and dark with crime. For the story of Louisiana was as grim and somber as the Spanish moss that drooped from its low-limbed oaks, as brilliant as the sunshine that dazzled through their branches.

"Send Me Wives"

FIERY Creoles thronged the promenade with rapiers resting all too lightly in their scabbards; *habitans* wandered down from Canada; *voyageurs* and *couteurs du bois*, skin-clad men of the rivers and the woods; banished nobles languished on *lettres de cachet*, perhaps for meddlin' with their sovereign's *affaires d'amour*; a hodgepodge of negroes from the Congo, Indians from the Choctaw country, galley slaves, and adventurers from *le bon Dieu* knows where.

"Send me wives for my Canadians," pleaded Bienville to the ministry. From prison and hospital and houses of correction the Government dispatched a motley crew of women. Among these came the celebrated Manon Lescaut, riding from Paris to Havre in a common cart with the Chevalier des Grieux trudging at her side. Perhaps these facts were of the earth earthly, but from their sordid warp and woof the Abbé Prévost wove that fabric of idyllic fiction which has thrilled the hearts of countless lovers. The grave of Manon was formerly pointed out not far from New Orleans. In one of the river parishes the name of Chevalier des Grieux appears upon a crumbling family tomb. The "correction girls" did come. All were frail, and some were fair. And all were wed, save one. Nobody

who marched out to that dubious field. And here the same ladies waited, listening and fearing, until a lad came spurring his lathered horse through the streets, shouting: "Victory! Victory!" This battle was fought when the countries were at peace, nearly three months after a treaty had been signed. Now the name of the "Place d'Armes" is changed to Jackson Square.

The Cabildo shelters a most interesting museum of Colonial relics, none more interesting than the main room itself, the Sala Capitular, where the various ceremonies of transfer took place, where Lafayette and many distinguished guests have been entertained. Subsequently it became the Supreme Court room of the State, but is now in charge of the Historical Association. Pass through the lower floor, a police station; glance at the courtyard and the abandoned prison whose cells are ranged in tiers. That upper floor was reserved for debtors.

Before turning away from the Cathedral, the Cabildo and Jackson Square, stop to look around. You are in the softly beating heart of the French city; perhaps you wonder why it looks so Spanish. Great fires in 1788 and 1794 destroyed this section—destroyed France, and Spain uprose. Since the Civil War there have been no changes.

A horse shows age by his teeth, a house by its roof. The first roofs were of cypress shingles, split by the ax and drawn with the knife. Next came the hollow red brick tiles, then the flat French tiles. Slate is an innovation, an upstart. Note the ancient house with the roof of Spanish tiles at the upper river corner of Dumaine and Chartres. I say "upper river corner," or "lower woods side," which is the orthodox vernacular.

Fronting the side of the Cabildo at St. Peter and Chartres is the Moresque building, which, when Jackson came, was a famous restaurant, "*Le veau qui tète*," or "The Sucking Calf." And to this blessed hour the bronze warrior upon his prancing steed lifts his hat respectfully to the memory of the jolly old chef who once presided there.

At the rear of the Cathedral, St. Anthony's Garden takes up end siesta behind a formidable iron fence. Formerly this was open, full of shrubbery, the favorite resort for idlers, and most convenient dueling ground for gentlemen whose affair suggested speed. Near by, in Orleans Street, theatres, dance houses, and more particularly the Quadroon balls bred those hot disputes, adjournments to St. Anthony's Garden, and the rapier's swift adjudication.

Speaking of Quadroon balls: Orleans Street runs into St. Anthony's Garden; so did the duelists. Half a block away, on the lower side, is what resembles a porte-cochère—entrance to the notorious dance hall built by John Davis in 1817. After twenty years of chaperoned patronage by the élite,

this place degenerated into a haunt of vice, adorned but undisguised. More or less of imaginative fiction has been concocted of these Quadroon balls, but a sediment of fact remains. Mask and murmur and fancy dress thronged the glittering ballrooms, where voluptuous women and gypsy musicians were but the prelude to coffee and weapons beneath the dueling oaks. The French always chose small swords; Americans invariably selected pistols. A smear of

money; take up your change with the pralines. Smile, always smile, it's the custom of the country to be kind. Pralines are fat, like a proper hoeecake, made of sugar candy and pecan nuts. They are very good. Munch them as we saunter, and listen to the story of the Chevalier.

This quaint and penniless aristocrat followed his beloved Bourbons into exile, and settled temporarily on Chartres Street near Dumaine, opening what he called a "confectionery." His first experimental wares consisted solely of pralines—call them "praw-leens." The pralines must have been tempting, even as pralines are to-day, for they brought him a fortune of \$15,000. All day the Chevalier waited upon customers in his cubby-hole of a shop. Night transformed him into the elegant man of the world, witty, a charming conversationalist, and welcome at the most exclusive Creole homes. In 1798 the exiled Orleans princes arrived. The oldest traveled under the name of Philippe de Comines, and subsequently became Louis Philippe, Citizen King of the French—not King of France; there seemed to be a distinction. With princely generosity these princes were entertained, notably at the mansion of Philip de Marigny, near where the United States Mint now stands. All flocked to meet them, except this dapper Chevalier. One morning Marigny appeared in person at the praline shop. "Why do you no longer come to my house? You must present yourself and do honor to the princes."

Straight up he stood, the doughty Chevalier. "Marigny, what you ask is impossible. Their father was one of my king's murderers. They are dastards to their race, and recreants to their God. Mark my word! these Orleans fellows will betray the Bourbon branch." History wrote the sequel.

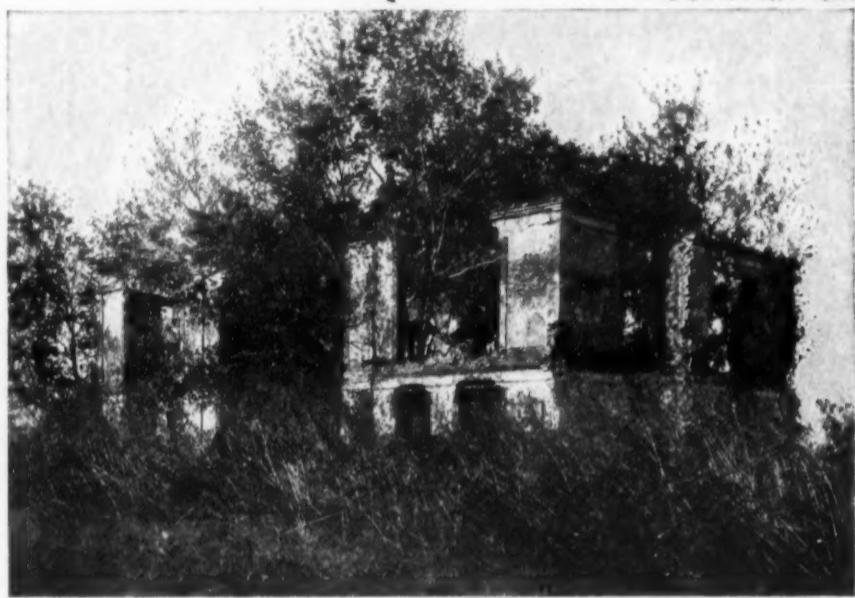
Figures of Old France

WHEN Napoleon was banished to Elba, the Chevalier sold out his praline business and returned to France. I know not who he was. I am only telling a praline story.

Another romance was that of General Humbert, who frequented a drinking shop on St. Philip Street near Chartres, one square below the Chevalier's confectionery. Humbert's record in New Orleans consisted principally in frequenting drinking shops.

He was a giant in stature, a gallant general of the Revolution, and republican to the core. Although the acknowledged lover of Napoleon's sister, he sturdily refused to join the First Consul's imperial schemes, and was forthwith banished. When the British threatened New Orleans, Humbert's military genius commanded itself to Old Hickory, and

(Continued on page 30)



Ruins of Major General Sir E. Pakenham's headquarters, field of Chalmette, near the Mississippi River. Here Pakenham was killed and the British expedition repulsed with great loss

blood in the upper hallway bears silent testimony to a tale of sudden death.

Whether by a freak of fortune, or by the hand of Providence, this sin-stained building now belongs to the Sisterhood of the Holy Family, an order of colored nuns, whose mission it was to labor among that class of women who frequented the Quadroon gatherings. Licentious music has hushed in the huge ballroom, masques have vanished, and revelers come no more. Instead we see row after row of prim white cots for the sisters and their orphan charges. Stillness, order, and discipline now camp in the tents of pandemonium.

At the Orleans Theatre, next door, were held the first performances ever given by players brought from France. Earlier artists had always come from San Domingo. Lola Montez, whose dominion over King Ludwig caused her exile from Bavaria, appeared here in 1853.

Note the rough stone paving of Orleans Street, the first practical protest against bottomless quagmires. In 1821 an offer of \$250 per ton lured ship captains to ballast their vessels with stone instead of sand. Many of these blocks make solid treading in the streets to-day.

Stroll along the sidewalks—but you must say "banquettes." Much history of France is written

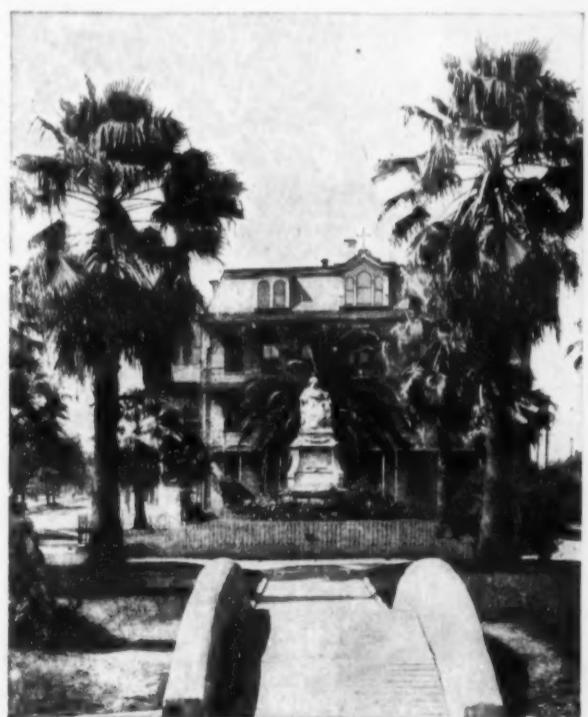
in these street names—Toulouse, Dumaine, Bourbon, Conti, Dauphine, Burgundy. The atmosphere of Spain clings to stuccoed walls, to massive hinges, and to jalousies—no husband entered his own house without a preliminary peep. And the iron grill work on the balconies—see the monograms of princely pioneers. The Alaskan Indian carves his totem pole; the Venetian noble blazons heraldic devices upon his gondola stakes; the Spaniard wove his family monogram in the grill work of his balcony.

Listen to those two mulatto crones jabbering in a patois most appropriately called "gumbo French"—Spanish, French, Italian, English, and native African words. Their tignons remind us of a sumptuary law, promulgated by Governor Miro, chiefly against the yellow sirens flocking hither from San Domingo. They dressed far too conspicuously, until the Governor decreed that none should wear jewels or ornaments of value; they must not deck their heads with feathers, but cover it modestly with a tignon. Miro's decree still endures in the bandanna—or tignon—of many withered mammies.

Pause at this little shop with the brick-colored walls and green shutters; buy pralines of the woman who smiles so winningly, but shakes her head when you speak English. Point at what you want, lay down your

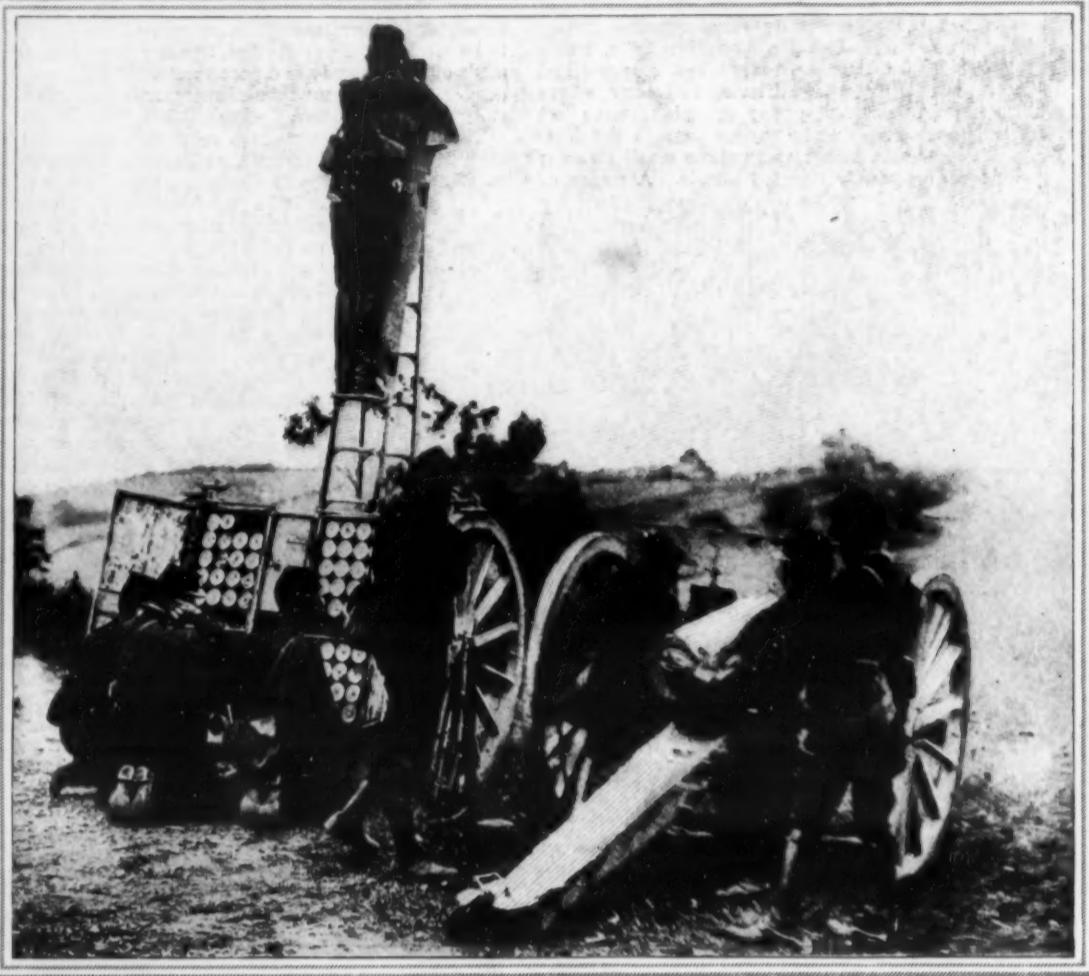


The Patio, one of the oldest beauty spots of the Quarter, where sunlight dazzles downward on palm and fern



The statue gratefully raised to Margaret, New Orleans's unlettered basket woman with the big, big heart

In Lands Where



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ONE OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH 3-INCH GUNS AT WORK. The aim taker on the tower attached to the ammunition cart is well protected from the enemy's bullets by a steel plate. The man at the breech is about to fire the gun. The white smoke from a previous shot is seen at the right. French artillery of this type has been doing effective work nearly every day since the war began. The guns are not only good at reasonably long range, but can be hauled around as easily as an ordinary two-horse wagon. At Steinbach they were dragged to the top of high hills to cover the infantry dash.

GERMAN INFANTRYMEN GOING ON DUTY after breakfast. Underground passages like the one in the snapshot below are used by all the armies in the war. They minimize the danger to men moving around over the battle fields and afford good protection for trench diggers stealing close up to the enemy's rifle pits



FRENCH ALPINE CHASSEURS WITH SKIS marching up a long hill in the Vosges Mountains, near the Alsation. Se

FLYING MEN TURNED MOLES. German airmen seek refuge. They are in little danger of being seen by hostile

So

Where the Sky Drips Fire



Airmen usually make their home in this peculiar place of
seen by bombing aviators from the other side of the battle line



In Alsace Steinbach, where one of the most spectacular battles of the war was fought. In the final charge at Steinbach snow and uniforms made them conspicuous targets, but only the good wing-shots among the Germans could hit them



GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL THOMPSON

GERMAN LANCERS IN ACTION IN CHAMPAGNE, east of Rheims. Occasionally mounted men lead big rushes, but in this war of trenches cavalry are, in reality, little more than mere riflemen on horseback. As a rule they ride to their destination on the firing line, hitch their horses, and do their fighting on foot. They are seen in the trenches nearly as often as the infantry. Many cavalrymen have become as skillful with the shovel as with the lance or the saber. A British Tommy Atkins of the horse remarked the other day that "this is the time when we learns to dig bloomin' 'oles in the ground."

A LETTER FROM MOTHER. In the photograph below a German boy volunteer is seen reading a letter from his mother. The man, according to the photographer, is the boy's father and a member of the same company. To the soldier at the front the arrival of a letter from home is next in importance to winning a battle



BARBARA'S MARRIAGES

CHAPTER VIII FALSE DAWN

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

WHEN Thornton and Lucia had gone, Sissy brought her word that Anita had ordered supper to be served in her bedroom, and that Barbara was to share the meal. Barbara had hoped that she might be alone, free to think of Hare. But she went upstairs and took her seat at one side of the crowded little bedroom table. Anita eyed her suspiciously, but then Anita always did suspect her of something if she were ever alone with any of the neighbors.

"I reckon," Anita began, after Sissy had left the room, "that you will complain of me again, now you've come back."

"I never have complained of you, sister Anita."

"I reckon you hated to come back," Anita said, eying her narrowly. "Tell me who all you met."

"I can't remember the names of all of them," Barbara said, composedly going on with her supper, "but I'll tell you about some of them."

She gave Anita an account of Annie Bestor, and from that she went on to tell something of the daily life at Hiltong's camp.

"Didn't meet any new men, did you?" asked Anita sharply.

"There were several men," Barbara returned.

She mentioned the names and occupations of some of the men she had met—dim personalities enough they seemed to her when she contrasted them with Hare.

"You don't talk like you were interested in any of them," Anita said.

"I wasn't, sister Anita, except as they could give me a hand now and again in climbing."

She looked up to find Anita's eyes glittering at her sardonically.

"Have you told me every single living soul that was there?" she asked.

Barbara knew by Anita's tone that she had found out that Hare had spent the summer in the camp. "I wrote you that Leonard Hare was there, didn't I?" she asked.

"You didn't," sneered Anita, "and you know you didn't! I had to come back here to find out. Sissy told me. Old Mrs. Hare got letters from him dated from there, and she told her other poor white friends, and the negroes picked it up. Stephen knows, everybody knows."

"Why shouldn't they know?" asked Barbara calmly. "Why shouldn't Leonard Hare go back to a summer resort where he's been before, and where he is well known and well liked?"

"You made it up between you to be there together," stormed Anita. "That's why you all plotted to get me to the sanitarium."

HERE at least Barbara could speak the truth. "I didn't even know he was coming till I saw him there," she said. "As to plots, sister Anita, do you mean Stephen was in the plot as much as anyone? He was the first one to try to get you to go to a sanitarium."

"You two made him," whimpered Anita.

"You mustn't excite yourself, sister Anita. I'm sorry if I didn't tell you about Leonard Hare. He is a great friend of Miss Bestor and we three sat near each other at the table."

"You needn't think you're going to switch me off the main point," Anita said. "Did the fellow make love to you?"

"I cannot reply to you, sister Anita, when you talk to me in this fashion," Barbara said.

Anita was astonished. It was the first time Barbara had opposed her in any way since Gilbert's death.

"I've come to the conclusion," Barbara went on,

"that whatever my debt to you is, it need not include constantly being insulted."

"I see through you," Anita said, fear striking her that she was going to lose Barbara. "You want to quarrel with me, so you can leave me."

"I told you that I would stay with you as long as you lived, and I will," Barbara said.

"How do I know what to believe?" shrilled Anita.

"I swore it over Gilbert's coffin," Barbara said brokenly.

Anita felt relieved. Barbara, whom it was her one interest in life to bait, would be hers as long as tongue and mind would work.

"All the same, you've let that little upstart make

running down Grassmere you're going to get me to leave it to you, you're mistaken."

"You've never got me to say I didn't want Grassmere, but the last thing in the world I'll do is scheme to get it. If you've had all the supper you want, sister Anita, I'll read to you for a while."

Anita, worn out by the journey and by her outburst, fell asleep while Barbara read. Then Barbara put out the lamp, and went downstairs, and out upon the porch where she could be alone with her thoughts of Hare. The scent of the roses came strong from the garden; the frogs were croaking in the pond; young Thias was singing a mournful song, and far away, beside the grove, she could see a faint blur of white which was Gilbert's headstone. There was a time when Barbara would have judged the setting a sweet one for sad thoughts, but she took it now as fitting in with her own joyful thoughts of Hare.

SHE tried to visualize him. It was almost nine o'clock; with him it would be almost six. Suppose he were returning from his office, since his office hours were over at five. He liked walking, and so he would be going briskly along the wide street on which his house was set. She could see the live oaks and palms and pepper trees overhanging the sidewalk. She could see the neat bungalows, well back from the street, beautiful flowering shrubs about them. Hare would pass them swiftly with that splendid masterful walk she loved. He would enter his own gate and pass between the bushes of blue flowers. He would go upstairs to his study, and—yes—there would be the letter from her. He would read it again and again, and then he would turn his face eastward, and wish for the presence of his love.

Ah, but how fully she was his! She had taken the new tone with Anita because she was no longer wholly in pledge to Anita; Hare had a right to her, too, and in time to come it

would prove the bigger right. She must always belong to somebody, evidently, but her greater loyalty would go where her love went. Perhaps, after all, she really had worked out her debt to Anita as Hare had said.

She heard steps upon the dark drive—not the shuffling steps of a negro. Barbara's heart leaped; perhaps it was Hare. Then she chided herself for her folly, but she knew that every unexpected step, every letter, every telegram would give her that same irrational hope of his nearness or at least his message. The steps came closer; a man's figure loomed out of the darkness, and she knew it to be that of Thornton.

"Is that you, Stephen?" she called.

"Yes."

He came up the steps and sat beside her.

"Has anything happened?"

"Cousin Sophia has just died, Barbara," he said wearily; "I wish you'd come over in the morning, if Anita will spare you."

"Of course I'll come, Stephen."

"There'll be other neighbors, too, but no youngish people except you and me. I'm going back in a few minutes, but I had to get away from the house for a while."

"I reckon it's been a strain for you, Stephen," she said.

"She kept murmuring, 'My only son, my only son,' when she was half unconscious. But I don't think she suffered much. She told me a week ago that she had never looked back on any joy without having the memory marred by the grief that was its aftermath, but she could look forward to the peace of death with the certainty that it could not be destroyed."

"My only memory of her is as she is now," Barbara said.



Said Thornton gravely: "Your mother could not have borne the publicity of this disgrace." Langrel bowed his head in his hands. "I—I thought mother had cast him off," he said at last

love to you," Anita said. "Don't I know? Why else are your eyes so bright; why else have you so much color? Why else do you have those little quiet smiles when you think I ain't looking? I ain't forgotten what my own youth was. You're happy. Some man loves you!"

"Suppose I had found some reason for being happy," Barbara said slowly; "should it be denied me? I need something, surely, to make my days here tolerable. My service is yours; all of my life that comes under your eyes is yours, but my thoughts are my own, and this summer was my own."

"Keep it and welcome," Anita said. "If Leonard Hare made love to you, it was because he thought you were going to inherit Grassmere. I know him through to his backbone—climber he is and always will be. He'll want something with his wife. Did you tell him I was going to leave Grassmere to Stephen?"

"You know I haven't; you know you don't want our friends to know that I'm not to have the home of my own people. I can't see why you told Lucia Streeter."

"I see what you mean," Anita said. "This county has gotten the idea that you have wasted your youth in devotion to me and deserve a reward. Well, my will can explain everything, and I don't care what they say about me when I'm dead."

"Besides," went on Barbara calmly, "you forget that Grassmere would not seem much in the way of wealth to Leonard Hare. He's been thinking in Northern terms of money."

"I—I don't know what has got into you," Anita gasped; "you wouldn't have dared talk to me in this style before you went away. If you think that by

"You were too little to know what a gay, wonderful creature she was. The house was always full of guests and flowers and laughter. Barbara, Barbara, I've been wondering what it is that gives people the courage to fight when all they value goes! For poor cousin Sophia did fight. All the world thinks she was passive. Lucia thinks she was undisciplined, if not cowardly, but I know she did fight."

"People often do, I suppose, when we don't give them credit for it," Barbara said.

"I knew cousin Sophia as no one else did," Thornton went on. "I know of difficulties she's had, of sorrows no one else guesses."

"You've been a comfort to her, Stephen," Barbara murmured.

He went on as if he had not heard her: "I've seen many people die—my father, but he died after my mother. He had not had many griefs. I've seen death in the streets, death on the water, but all these deaths did not give me the sense of defeat and loss that cousin Sophia's does. I feel like a schoolgirl; I could weep at the waste in the world."

Barbara had never seen Thornton when he was not radiating optimism and purpose.

"I'm talking as if I had temperament," Thornton said, with a short laugh. "I reckon my nerves are overstrung. The minute cousin Sophia was dead, I found myself cursing like a trooper at one of the negroes who howled in the hall that he felt her spirit go by. I wanted to smash his head."

"She must have had joy sometimes, Stephen," Barbara said, almost pleadingly. "She was happy when she was a young girl in England, and when she came out here on a visit, and when she first married your cousin."

"Yes, of course," Thornton said.

"Everybody has some joy," Barbara went on, and as she spoke, she forgot Mrs. Langrel, and thought only of herself and Hare. "The lesson that all these sad old people teach is that we young ones get any chance at happiness, we must try for it, no matter what the cost is."

"Take it at some one else's expense?" asked Thornton.

"No—o, I don't quite mean that," Barbara said slowly. "I reckon I mean we oughtn't to let too many scruples bother us—scruples about conventions and what the world might say."

Thornton was looking at her curiously in the darkness, and she colored. "I reckon I've jumped away from poor Mrs. Langrel," she said, "but it's not because I'm not mighty sorry about it all, Stephen."

"I know you are. It's done me good to talk to you for these few minutes," he said. "I always do have a satisfied feeling after I've been with you. I've got to go back now. The man that works the place is there with his wife, but they won't want to stay all night. Of course the negroes are all off."

"I'll come as early as I can in the morning, Stephen."

After he had gone she went upstairs to her own room to resume her happy dreams. She thought of the old days, when she dreaded leisure because all her reflections were sad or hopeless. Now leisure could never be long enough, because it could never be anything but joyful. She sat for a long time at the window, savoring the sweet September night. At last, reluctantly, she rose, remembering her promise to Thornton for the next day. She was just ready to go to bed when she heard a long peal of harsh laughter from Anita's room.

She hurried down the hall, and tapping at Anita's door, she entered, her eyes questioning. Anita was sitting up in bed, still laughing, her burning eyes malicious.

"Is anything wrong, sister Anita?" Barbara asked.

"Not with me," Anita said in a croaking voice. "I understand now. I know why your face has the look of a bride's—you wanton!"

Barbara came close to Anita, holding her candle high above her head, her mouth hard, her eyes fierce.

"I told my dead Gilbert that I would never leave you," she said in a low tone, "but if you ever dare to speak like that to me again, I'll break my oath and go out of this house forever!"

Anita sank whimpering on her pillows, and Barbara went back to her room, her happy mood shattered.

"I am the resurrection and the life."

The immemorial words sounded solemnly through the little gray church on the windy slope. The Honorable

Sophia Langrel lay before the altar, her early pomps and the happiness she had demanded as a right, her later griefs and her prayer for peace alike forgotten. Behind her sat the people beside whom her life had run, friends to whom that life had taken on commonplace aspect simply because it was a fact. Now, as they listened to the grave words of the service of eternal death and eternal life, they saw in part the tragedy of her days, and in part they felt the significance of that last call which is the one certain equality, and to which the proudest head must bend.

Barbara, at the little organ, was moved by the poignancy of the hour, and yet unconsciously she was thinking of the words in which she would describe it to Hare. She wanted him to share the sad but ennobling experience with her, and she longed to have his comfort, his assurance that whatever might be their lot at the end, yet the immediate future would give them joy abounding.

THE pallbearers, Thornton and Mary Thornton's young husband at their head, bore the dead woman into the churchyard. The clergyman and the congregation followed. Anita had insisted on coming, and she sat on the back seat of the old surrey, Sissy supporting her, and watched the last rites at the grave. Her bright, malicious eyes were veiled; she was remembering the hour, nearly ten years before, when she had seen all that she loved consigned to the earth, and had vowed, wildly, that what she had lost in love she would pay in hate.

There were a few people who lingered until the grave had been filled with raw earth and then covered with the deep red roses which the dead woman had loved and which she had worn in her hair and at her throat in the days when her heart was still imperious. Barbara and Lucia Streeter stood with Thornton until all the others had gone. Then Barbara said to Anita:

"I'd like to go back to the house with Stephen, sister Anita, unless you expect me to drive home at once with you. Lucia Streeter wants to stay there with him for a few minutes, and she can hardly go without me. Would it be too much for you to come?"

Anita's veiled eyes sparkled with malice. "Oh, let us preserve the properties by all means," she said. "I'll go along. I wouldn't miss going along for the world."

Barbara rejoined Lucia and Thornton. They took a short cut through the fields, arriving at Rosegarland at the same time that Anita drove up to the lawn. The negress who was the cook stood at the doorway, looking anxiously sometimes within the house and sometimes at the approaching group. She advanced to meet Thornton.

"Dey's a strange gen'leman come," she said in a whisper. "He done go straight to Miss Sophi's room and shet de do'."

THORNTON went upstairs, followed by Barbara and Lucia. The room in which Sophia Langrel had died was locked. He knocked upon the door; there was no answer, and he knocked again. A hesitating footfall sounded within, and then the door was thrown open. A thin, unhealthy-looking man stood on the threshold. His face was dissipated, weak, even craven, but it bore an unmistakable likeness to the proud beauty that had once been Sophia Langrel.

"It is William Langrel," Thornton said. "I had a premonition that it was you."

"I came straight to the house," Langrel said in a low, hesitating tone. "When I got here this place was sickly with the smell of flowers, and the servants said my mother was being buried."

"Suppose we come downstairs," Thornton said quietly.

Barbara and Lucia preceded the men to the drawing room. Barbara felt a sense of dismay and of irritation. Why should this man, who looked like a wastrel, appear now to be another pensioner upon Thornton's time and energy? In the drawing room they found Anita lying on the sofa. She laughed shrilly as they entered.

"You didn't know me, William, did you, when you asked me who was being buried?" she said. "Do you know me now?" Barbara and Thornton exchanged a glance. Why had Langrel said he did not know his mother was being buried until after he had reached Rosegarland?

"Yes, I reckon I know you," said Langrel, struggling to conceal a look of distaste.

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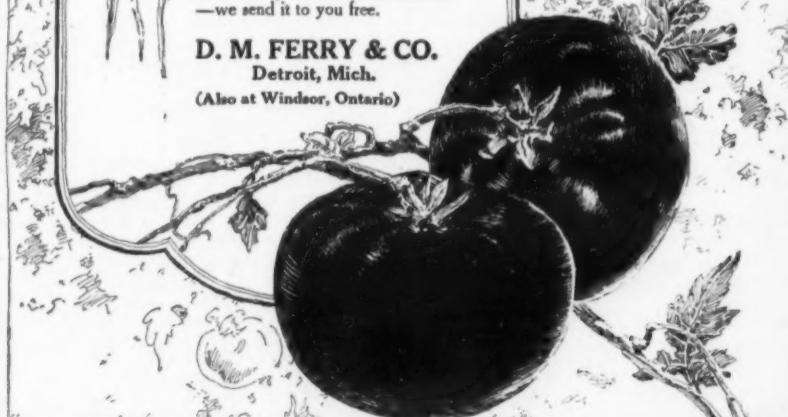
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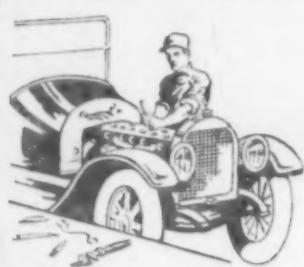
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"It is too bad you didn't come before, William," Thornton said.

"No one knows how hard I tried to get here," Langrel replied in a quavering, almost a whining tone. "I've wandered over the whole world."

"We had word, and what we thought were proofs, that you were dead, you know," Thornton said.

"Yes, and at the time I was a failure and I let the report stand. I thought it would be better for my mother to think of me as dead than as a man who couldn't find his place in the world. I always had the hope that I would make her proud of me yet, and then I meant to come back."

"Oh, you should have come, a failure or not," Barbara said impulsively.

"If you could have heard her crying, 'My only son, my only son,' maybe you'd have wanted to come," Anita said.

Langrel's face worked, and he burst into tears. Lucia rose; she could not bear displays of strong feeling. She left the room with an appealing look at Thornton.

"It's too late now, William," Thornton said. "We'll do the best we can for you."

Langrel looked up, and a sharp expression crossed his face.

"I say, what is the status here?" he asked. "Who's been staying with mother?"

"I have since she's been ill," Thornton said. "By the way, I noticed you at her safe as I came in."

Langrel colored.

"I always had one of the keys of that safe," he murmured.

"I believe I've been told something of the sort," Thornton said dryly.

Long ago Barbara had heard rumors that when young Langrel had run away from home he had stolen some of his mother's money and jewelry.

"I see no reason," blustered Langrel, "why I should not examine my mother's papers, since I'm master here."

Anita laughed again.

"Are you sure of that?" she shrieked.

BARBARA sighed painfully. Would Anita's hate never be slaked? Would she always feed on scenes of strife and pain?

"I reckon we'd better go home, sister Anita," she said.

"Why should we go home?" Anita asked. "We're all cousins together, and William had just as well not nurse false hopes."

"False—false hopes?" stammered Langrel.

"I reckon you've got your mother's will in your coat," Anita said. "I reckon you found that."

Involuntarily Langrel's hand crept to his breast pocket. Anita laughed again.

"I thought so," she said, "but how much do you reckon she had to leave?"

"What if I have got the will?" Langrel said. "I've no objection to telling you what's in it. Mother mentions Stephen's kindness to her, and she says that she leaves him what little she remains possessed of, but that if by any strange chance I should ever be found alive, I am to get it during my life, and Stephen is to have it after my death. I am forbidden to sell the place, or to part with the furniture, plate, and jewelry."

Weak tears came to Langrel's eyes.

"I'd better go," he said. "I was of no use to my mother, and I come back to find her dead and my home gone."

"Now don't you go to sentimentalizing," Anita admonished him. "That was just what your father always did. You know right well you've got no intention of going. I reckon you've got your mind all made up to let Stephen look after you like he did your mother."

Thornton turned an exasperated face to Barbara.

"I reckon I'll have to carry you away now, sister Anita," Barbara said. "The sun's getting low, and you can't afford to take cold. Besides, you must have your supper hot or else you'll be sick all night."

"What if I am? I'm used to it," Anita snapped.

THORNTON prepared to carry her out to the surrey. Anita would have been glad to stay longer, but the cream of her enjoyment had been skimmed, and, besides, she was exhausted with the excitement she had been through and ready for food and bed. She yielded to Thornton and departed with a final shot at Langrel.

"If you work real hard, William, Stephen will see that you get your just dues."

Langrel scowled after her and then said to Barbara:

"It's hard to come back to all this when I've been hoping for years—"

"I'm so very sorry for you, cousin William," Barbara said, "but you've got a chance to atone to cousin Sophia for letting her die without seeing you. She'd want you to live at Rosegarland, and make a success of it, and have the Langrel name looked up to once more. It would be a wonderful atonement."

Barbara's face was glowing, and Langrel looked at her admiringly.

"Will You Fill Your Pipe From a Stranger's Pouch?"

He was standing on the sheltered side of a small town railway depot drawing away at an empty pipe and shuffling his feet while he waited for a train already hours late. It was so far into the P. M. hours that buying tobacco was out of the question.

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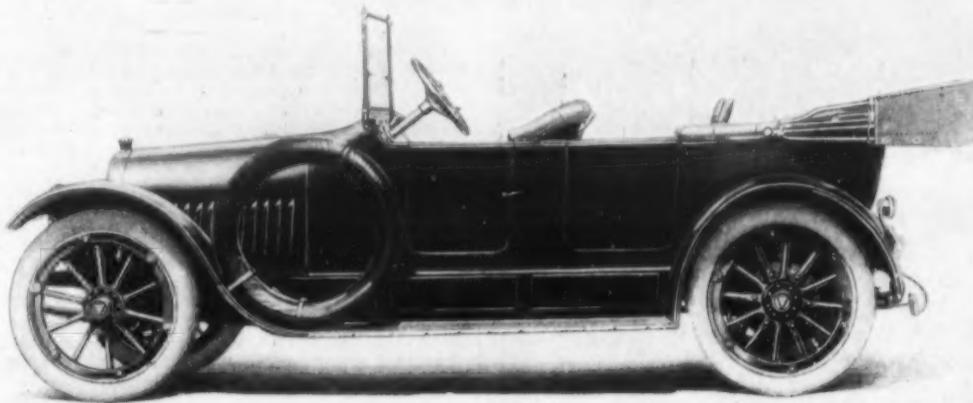
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But radical advances are always subject to question. New things must be proved. Every new type, even though Howard E. Coffin designs it, must run the gantlet of cynicism and attack. And here was a type which proposed, for one thing, to save 1000 pounds in weight.

Now the Pattern Car

Now this HUDSON Six-40, in its second season, is the pattern car of the day. It is the most-copied car in America. What it stands for has become the almost universal aim.

It has made the Six triumphant by removing the handicaps of price and weight, of fuel and upkeep cost. Most of the leading new models this season are in this Light Six class. There are 26 altogether.

Their makers are starting where HUDSON designers started four years ago. The ideals we propounded, the betterments we demonstrated, have become the accepted standards. This is the second time that a new HUDSON model has revolutionized the practice of the times.

We've Four Years' Start And 10,000 Endorsers

But we have been working four years on this car. We started two years before the first model came out.

We had Howard E. Coffin as chief of designing, and the foremost engineering corps in America worked with him. There were countless problems to solve, a thousand details to perfect. We had the time and the men to do it.

Now 10,000 Six-40's are running—5000 first-year models, 5000 of this. They are running in 43 countries. Together they have covered, probably, 25,000,000 miles.

The HUDSON Six-40 is an attained success. These cars

for two seasons, meeting every condition, have answered all questions about it. When we state to you now that this car is right there are ten thousand men to confirm it. And that is true of no other Light Six.

Consult Your Neighbors

Wherever you are there are HUDSON Six-40's. There are men who have tried them out. Consult them. They will tell you that this is their ideal car, and offer their records to prove it.

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Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

HUDSON SIX-40 \$1550



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V.W.

"If you'll help me, Barbara," he pleaded.

"All I can," she said, meeting his outstretched hand.

She tried to speak cordially, but his weakness and sentimentality repelled her. Measured by Hare or by Thornton, he was a cheap creature, too cheap to have won the dignity of breaking a Sophia Langrel's heart.

DURING the drive to Grassmere Anita lay back against Barbara's arm wearily. Barbara looked at her, and then turned away from the expression of hateful pleasure on that withered yellow face. The girl flew to the thought of her lover with passionate gratitude. Oh, he was a solace for all that was sad or distasteful in life; she need never again be distressed while she had the haven of him. She came back from an ecstatic dream of him to find Anita's eyes fixed on her face with baleful amusement.

"Lawsy me," sighed Anita, "I wouldn't die now for anything, what with all I know about you and your goings-on, and William coming back to think he could squeeze money out of Rosegarland."

The academy opened, and day after day Barbara rode to her work, a part of everything about her—the blue of the sky, the yellow and scarlet shimmer of the first autumn leaves, the glinting little pools that Kirby splashed through. It was a joy to greet little Bobby, and her tenderness for him took on a new depth, for now she had a fuller understanding of the riches of motherhood. She greeted her pupils with an especial sense of protectiveness, though she hoped, with a strained smile, that none of them would show the unwise in love that she, their revered teacher, was showing.

And of what did Anita suspect her? What odor of light love clung to her? She put such questionings aside. A second letter came from Hare, as tender as the first, speaking as ardently of missing her, and trusting to their future. She was so preoccupied with this, and with the physical reaction Anita had shown after her attendance at Mrs. Langrel's funeral, that she concerned herself very little with the excitement of the county over Langrel's reappearance. His immediate neighbors called on him, and, struck by the obvious drama of his return on the day of his mother's funeral, were inclined to pity him fully, whatever blame they would ordinarily have had for him being absorbed in sympathy for his bereavement.

Several days after the funeral Barbara was sitting on the porch, listening to the call of the bobwhite, and remembering how it had been Hare's signal to her in those radiant days in the Sierras. She was thinking wistfully of him. For twenty-four hours she had been waiting for his letter, and it had not come. With her reason she could make plenty of allowance for unavoidable delay. But satisfied reason is not a satisfied heart. Anita, too, had been unusually trying; her partial convalescence had been marked by monologues of sly innuendo. Had she been even in her ordinary state of illness, Barbara would not have allowed them to pass, but, considering Anita's condition, the girl fell back upon her old refuge of silence.

The waning moon reminded her of one of her hours with Hare. They had loved each other in the high, stern silences of the Sierras. How sweet it would be, she thought, to love each other here, where the atmosphere was soft, and where the scent of flowers abounded, and the birds were never quite silent, even at noonday. And, as always, she tried to picture what he might be doing, but now she found that, after a little more than three weeks' absence, his handsome, lustrous face would come at call only faintly; the strong, lissom figure receded into nothingness.

BY the moonlight she made out Thornton walking quickly up the drive. When he was quite near, she saw that his face was grave, his eyes fixed.

"Are you alone, Barbara?" he asked.

"A gratuitous question, Stephen. I am always alone. What is it?" she said.

She rose to meet him, and as he did not take the chair she indicated, she stood beside him in the shadows.

"Lucia is in Charlottesville, you know," he said. "I had to come to you."

"Then something is the matter?"

"I am afraid so," he said. "The day after cousin Sophia was buried, William and I came to an agreement. I was to live with him and help him run the farm. We were to share all expenses in the way of housekeeping and

general output for the farm. At the end of the year we were to examine our books, William was to receive a reasonable salary for his work as manager, and the remainder was to be divided equally. Then, out of his share, William was to apply what he could in payment of the mortgage I hold upon Rosegarland. I never charged cousin Sophia interest, and I didn't mean to charge him."

"It's wonderfully generous of you, Stephen," said Barbara, half indignantly, "especially as William will make no sort of manager, and you'll have to do all the real work there."

"My notion was to try to develop his self-interest and to make him want to work," Thornton said, "but I'm talking in the past tense. All that was the bargain we made. I went to Charlottesville in the afternoon; when I got back he wasn't in the house or on the place. When he didn't come in to supper I thought perhaps he had gone over to Grassmere. He seemed to be tremulously taken with you."

"I am afraid that doesn't flatter me," said Barbara shortly.

"When he didn't come back that night I suspected that something was wrong. The next day I had to go to Richmond on business for Mr. Streeter. As I was making for my train on my way back, I saw William in a motor car in the company of General Bower."

"How contemptible of cousin William," Barbara said. "He didn't take your word for it that cousin Sophia had told you to hand over those bonds to Bower to save her husband."

"That's what I thought," Thornton said. "I tried to be reasonable about it. I said to myself that Langrel had been rubbing shoulders with all sorts of people, that he'd seen a good deal of the seamy side of life. I'd offered him a good thing of it at Rosegarland, and he began to ask himself if I was square. Why should I be giving him the easy end of the bargain unless I was paying conscience dues?"

"Perhaps that was it," Barbara said.

"This afternoon," Thornton went on, "when I came back from town I found that William had returned. I didn't like the face he showed me at the door when I came in. I didn't like his manner during supper. We went out on the porch afterward with our cigars, and then he said he'd be glad if I'd make an accounting for his mother's bonds, for which he had my receipt."

"What did he mean?" exclaimed Barbara.

"I saw fast enough," Thornton said. "Cousin Sophia had given me an oral and not a written authority to pass over the bonds to the Bowers. I ought to have got the written authority, of course, but it was a miserable business all around, and she was bowed to the dust over the shame of it. I didn't want to trouble her more than I had to. William had guessed that I had done it on oral authority. I explained my motives carefully and told him that if he wanted to rake up the old matter, General Bower could prove all I said. Robert Bower, as you know, is dead."

"What did he say to that?" Barbara asked.

"He looked at me in a shifting, sideways fashion and replied that he had seen General Bower, who said that the bonds had not been given him to square the forged check, but that I had sold them to him as my own, and that he had paid for them in cash."

"Oh, I don't understand!" murmured Barbara.

"It means," Thornton said heavily, "that Bower and William have fixed the thing up between them. William will sue me to recover the amount of the bonds, and he's got the receipt I gave cousin Sophia as proof that I owe them to him. Bower will swear I represented that the bonds were my own. There will be only my bare word that what I say is the truth."

"But I remember what you told me about it this spring," Barbara said. "I'll go in court and swear to it."

"As if I'd let you, dear! And besides, such testimony won't go for much."

"Before we go into that," Barbara said, "tell me why Bower is ready to perjure himself to injure you."

"Because he thinks I injured him. When I was practicing in Richmond I made him settle out of court in the case of a young man whom he had mulcted out of twenty thousand dollars. I can't prove it, for the young man is dead. I upset his scheme to put a rotten franchise through the council. He's as vindictive as an Indian—or as poor Anita."

"But, Stephen," said Barbara, lowering her voice at the mention of Anita, "in the courts, don't they go somewhat on the character of the witnesses and plaintiffs and defendants?"

"They do, Barbara, but you must remember what a shrewd old fox General Bower is. He had a magnificent Civil War record, for which much is always forgiven. Though he ran a gambling den, it was not in his name, and he was never arrested. He is on the board of several charitable organizations. Oh, he's covered his tracks, all right. He can afford at least one such turn-up as this."

"But William—"

"William is the repentant prodigal son coming home too late. He's a picturesque figure, to whom sympathetic hearts will turn. As for me, Barbara—well, I'm a young man who wouldn't be a doctor after a small fortune had been spent on him; who tried law in Charlottesville and then tried it in Richmond, and left his firm there and came back to Charlottesville. By the time people were ready to forget that I made my poor old father turn in his grave by refusing to be a doctor, then I recalled myself to them by getting arrested in Bower's gambling den. I couldn't explain that I'd gone there to get old Langrel out, and perhaps I shouldn't have been believed if I had. I don't know whether you ever heard of that arrest? At any rate, it gave me a reputation among some good people of being a wild young man. I had

to withdraw from the law firm in which I was because I took too many cases against corporations. I've got scores of capitalists and business men down on me, and one Richmond newspaper. My God, Barbara, I've got no chance in this thing!"

"Oh, Stephen!" she cried, impulsively seizing his hands. "What can we do?"

"Don't you see?" he said in a hoarse tone. "It means my ruin. Embezzlement, stealing, unfaith to the dead! I'm a disgraced man!"

"Stephen, Stephen," she cried, "your friends won't believe it. Everyone knows how good you were to cousin Sophia—"

"The world will believe what the courts tell it to believe, Barbara," Thornton said. "At the end of the lawsuit I'll be almost penniless and professionally ruined. And Lucia—"

BARBARA clung to his hands. "She'll stand by you; we all will," she said. "I'll go up and down the county, if I must, telling what I know. You must let me testify in court for you, Stephen. It may help. It will show the faith your friends have in you. I'll tell what I know of all you did for cousin Sophia. Stephen, say you'll have hope!"

He pressed her hands. "I have gratitude, my dear. I'll make the best fight I can, and it will be all the better because you believe in me."

(To be Continued Next Week)

Admiral Sir David Beatty

(Concluded from page 13)

And all the wealth of all the Rockefellers and Morgans and Vanderbilts of the world could not buy a man into the position of an English admiral, or keep him there a day after he had proved his unfitness for it.

One may be allowed, however, to pay some tribute to Lady Beatty's share in his career. The wife of such a man is either a help or a hindrance—there is no middle course. Lady Beatty, called upon to acquiesce in the greatest sacrifice that can be asked of the happily married woman—the sacrifice of her husband's life and time to the public service—has acquiesced not as one who makes a sacrifice but as one who is proud to share in a great service. Her life has been entirely shaped by the exigencies of his naval service. She has not sought the conspicuous place in society which many American women in England seem to regard as the chief end of existence. She has rather avoided it; and in doing so has made for herself a real place and influence in English social life which no mere dinner-giving notoriety could ever have achieved for her. She has provided for her husband in his rare moments of holiday the happy and quiet home life that is so dear to every Anglo-Saxon worth the name; and when he is at sea she makes the sea her home, too, living quietly on board her yacht at the base port in the waters where his squadron is stationed.

And when war came she turned her yacht into a hospital tender, where, under her own charge and with a perfect surgical and nursing equipment, wounded men may be conveyed from hospital to hospital or the consulting surgeons carried swiftly where they may be most required. So, though she cannot be with him at this hour in his grim post, she is with him in the service of the navy.

The Seal of the Sea

If you saw David Beatty hunting with the Quorn or the Cottesmore, you would think he had never seen a ship in his life. If you saw him on the quarter-deck, you would think he did not know one end of a horse from the other.

But anywhere else, I think, you would know him for one of those on whom the sea has set its seal. The extraordinarily forceful and clear-cut features, the compact, well-knit frame, the quick, almost birdlike movements, and yet with it all the curious effect of a restrained, contained, and most ponderable energy, produce an effect at once distinguished and formidable. In general society he never talks shop or about himself, but chatters the ordinary tune of our trivial world; and therefore people in society who hate and mistrust manifestations of superiority or

difference, whether of character or intellect, love David Beatty and regard him as a charming and simple man, quite nice and harmless, and, like everybody else, with no tiresome seriousness or strenuous nonsense about him; who has the good sense to love a day's hunting better than anything else in the world, and to be infinitely bored at having to go to sea and swing about in a huge brute of a ship with a spyglass under his arm.

The Man and the Work

WELL, that is quite as it should be. The clean isolations of the sea, the grim business transacted out in the waste spaces of the Atlantic which are the playground of the battleships and cruisers, the minute and patient organization, the effort and concentration of the serious naval life even in peace time, are not things which the people whose judgments I have indicated are capable of understanding, or on which their comments would be seemly. No wonder sailors never talk about their work to laymen. In this, as in all other ways, David Beatty is a typical sailor, though not a theatrical one. There is nothing of the drawing-room sea dog about him, nor will he ever be one of our hornpipe admirals. But where there is work to be done, such terrible work as has been done and is yet to do in the North Sea, he will be there doing it—doing it with a quiet and quite cheery spirit which supports such a strain as no layman can have the faintest sense of—a strain that is never relieved for a moment, and that must increase as the war goes on.

His great qualities do not stand alone or isolated. He is surrounded by men in some measure like himself—the strongest, the bravest, the cleanest, and most efficient men in the world. Whatever one may be anxious about in this war, one need have no anxieties about such men as these; and when I think of my friend David Beatty out there, grappling day and night with the tremendous problems of his command, I am perfectly happy as one is happy when one thinks of things well done and well ordered, and of the right man in the right place. I know that whatever happens it will be well with him; well, if his luck holds and he comes gloriously triumphant out of some bloody and shattering combat on a grand scale; well still, if his victories are destined to be of the invisible kind that keep the seas clear by means of the sheer efficiency and terror of the British command; well also and forever, if destiny should give him her highest crown and send him in the hour of combat to join that great company of his fellows who fill the ranks of heroes in Valhalla, and keep alive the inspiration of noble and brave deeds.



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(396)

How Many Hides Has a Cow?

For shoe soles, one.

But a cow's hide, being too thick and stiff for upholstery, is split into at least three sheets, only the top one of which is natural leather. The lower, fleshy splits, after being coated and embossed to look like leather, and which make up 75% of all so-called leather upholstery, are really artificial leather of quality inferior to



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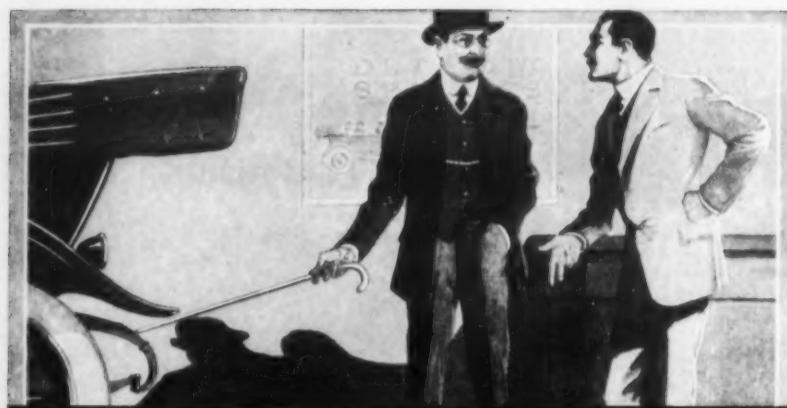
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The
1915 Hupmobile
Year Book on
Request

Why France Is Gay

(Continued from page 6)

and examining more closely her beautiful face, you see that it bears those ineffaceable traces which tears leave, wept in secret at night.

You steer the conversation cunningly, and after a time you find out. It is the *petit frère*, the little brother.

He is only nineteen, and he is in the artillery.

"Think, sir, here is a brave child! Only nineteen. And he had been very ill. He was still weak and pale when he left. And now he fights *comme un lion!*"

Only, there is now no news of little brother. At first cards came often. But now there has been nothing for fifteen days. Fifteen days!

Sitting there in the half light, one is haunted suddenly with what she feels. One thinks of the nights, the long nights with the brain working, working, working in spite of all one can do, and placing before the wide eyes vision after vision of what might be. And the postman. "Something for me to-day, Mr. Postman?" "No, madam, nothing to-day."

"Come, gentlemen. I will make you some tea? What else with the tea—a little cognac, perhaps?"

And thus the women of France. In these trying days they do not let go their duty. Which is to give solicitude and tenderness, beauty and charm to the world.

Yet, beneath that, there is steel. Read this letter of two sisters to their soldier brother:

"DEAR EDOUARD—We have the news that Charles and Lucien were killed on the 28th of August. Eugene is grievously wounded. As for Louis and Jean, they are also dead, as you must know."

"Mamma weeps. She says that you must be strong and that you must avenge them. I hope your officers will not refuse you that. Jean had the Legion of Honor; be his successor."

"They have taken everything. Out of eleven who fought, eight are dead. My dear brother, do your duty; we ask but that. God has given you life; he has the right to take it away. Mamma says it."

"We kiss you with all our heart, although we wish we could see you before you go. The Prussians are here. Your friend Jandou is dead."

"Go, my brother; make the sacrifice of your life. We have hope of seeing you again, something like a presentation bids us hope. We kiss you with all our heart. Adieu and au revoir if God wills it. YOUR SISTERS."

It Is Good to Live!

THE impression given by those at the front in all their vigor, by those who wait at home, is also given by those who dribble back, wounded, broken, and maimed. And yet, it is here that discouragement and despair should be found. For to be killed is after all a minor evil—bad especially for those that love you. While to be wounded—

Even here there are distinctions. The wounded are of three kinds. There is the one who is slightly wounded, whose days of suffering are followed by a delicious convalescence, and who, just as he is becoming bored, is sent to the front again. Then there is the one who returns mutilated for life, but gloriously so, one might say esthetically so; who will dangle for the rest of his life a glorious empty sleeve, or stump about on a glorious wooden leg.

But also there is the one who comes back with a mask. Who by a deed of fervid beauty has made himself ugly for life. So ugly that no one can bear it, even the beloved.

I know one of these.

I met him in a restaurant (he had been discharged as cured by the military hospital). I sat facing him; but mostly my eyes irresistibly roved about the room. It was only at long intervals, and then for very short moments, that I could fairly look at him.

His forehead was clear and smooth; his brown eyes were luminous with a light that often laughed; but of the rest of his face I cannot write. A bullet had passed through there.

He ordered only soft food; and as he partook of it he said: "You know, it is just as if I had been born anew. Everything I taste is delicious, everything I see is beautiful. It is good to live."

I was looking at him just then. And

when he said "it is good to live," a sort of black desolation rose about me and for the moment submerged me entirely.

After a while I drew from him his experience. It began in the first big battle of the war, when they were still fighting in the open. Some sharpshooter had him picked. He thinks he saw the man through his glasses. Bullets zipped close about him. Finally one went through the flesh of his right shoulder, and half a minute later another through the flesh of his neck. He changed his position, tried to baffle the inexorable sharpshooter, but to no avail. Suddenly his head was ringing like a great bell; then it burbled as if full of water; he fell.

He is an athlete and has done some boxing. As he lay prone he found himself counting mentally: one—two—three. He felt certain that if he stayed down till ten it was all over with him. At eight he managed to stand up. "Eight—I'm not dead yet," he shouted mentally. I know that it must have been mentally.

Then he thought: "There is perhaps nothing the matter with me after all." But when he put his hand to his face, his hand came away (there is no other way of expressing it) with parts of himself.

He began to walk toward the rear to find an ambulance. He found one on a farm. But before his turn had come to be examined, shells began to fall on the building; the wounded were evacuated.

He walked on, and finally sat in the courtyard of another farm, amid hundreds of wounded and dying. After some time a surgeon and a priest came to him. The surgeon examined him hastily; he turned to the priest and said: "Father, I leave that one to you."

So the priest confessed him and shrived him. It was a strange confession. The man could not talk. So the priest simply put into the form of questions all of the usual masculine sins and my friend moved his head negatively or affirmatively. "Mostly affirmatively," he said to me, his eyes filling with gay soft light above the wreck. "I wanted to get through quick, for I had made up my mind to live."

He was left alone, and waited and waited. At last, seeing that nothing was being done for him, he "became impatient" and walked away.

He reached another ambulance in a church. The surgeon there gave him but a cursory glance and passed on to those more worth the pains. So he again "became impatient" and again staggered away.

He came across two soldiers of his company who were slightly wounded. They found a wheelbarrow. One of the soldiers was wounded in the right arm, the other in the left arm. Using their good arms, they wheeled him in the barrow for sixteen miles to a small town.

There he was immediately placed aboard a train full of wounded who were being "evacuated" toward Paris. The train crawled, halted, crawled. At a station a surgeon inspecting the train from end to end ordered him taken out. "Take him out; don't you see he'll be dead in a minute?"

With five others in his plight, he was taken out and left in the station house, in the care of one poor inexperienced woman. He stayed there several hours and saw all of the five who had been taken out with him die one after the other. He signed then that he wanted to write, and on the piece of paper given him wrote: "Get me an automobile."

Some one ran through the small town and came upon a party of Belgian refugees who had an automobile. The party consisted of a man, his wife, his old mother, and three children, yet they took him in. He finally rolled into Paris and to the door of a hospital.

Intrepid surgeons got to work on him. At the end of five weeks he was discharged as cured. "Then"—tis he speaking—"I looked at myself in a glass and decided this would not do. I went to see one of the greatest surgeons in France. I said: 'I'd like to eat, not drink all the time. Also, I'd like to look like a man, or almost like one. Can you fix me up?'"

One of the greatest surgeons in France examined him closely, threw his arms up to heaven, and said: "I can do nothing."

"But," he added, "it is after all a glorious scar."

And the man who had the scar an-

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But, when he takes them to the *Bank*, for deposit, he will find that "the Bargain" had two sides to it,—and that *he* had secured the "short" side.

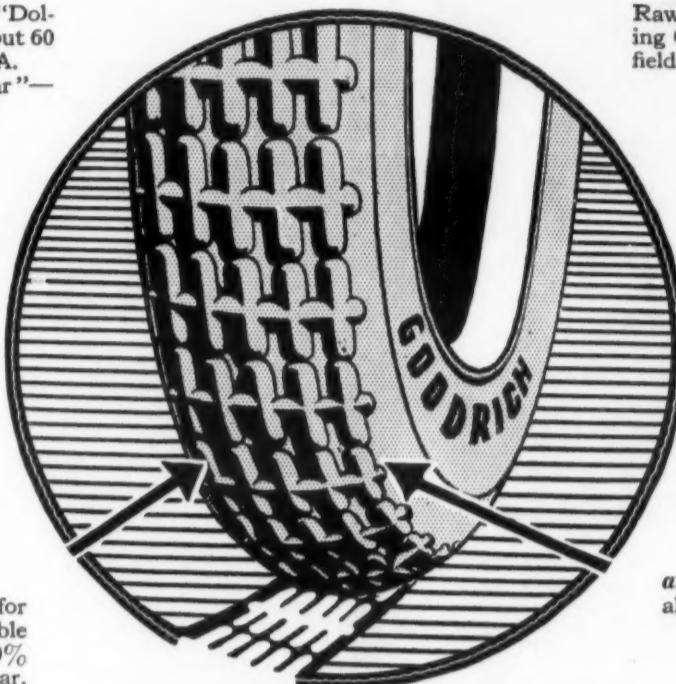
HERE is only one ready way to determine Tire Value, in advance of wearing out the Tire.

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SIZE	PLAIN TREAD	SIZE	SAFETY TREAD
30 x 3	\$9.00	30 x 3	\$9.45
30 x 3 1/2	11.60	30 x 3 1/2	12.20
32 x 3 1/2	13.35	32 x 3 1/2	14.00
33 x 4	19.05	33 x 4	20.00
34 x 4	19.40	34 x 4	20.35
36 x 4 1/2	27.35	36 x 4 1/2	28.70
37 x 5	32.30	37 x 5	33.90
38 x 5 1/2	43.80	38 x 5 1/2	46.00

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Retail List-Price	\$19.40	\$24.35	\$24.35	\$25.85	\$26.20	\$26.30	\$28.30	\$29.90	\$30.50	\$33.00
Goodrich Valuation	\$19.40	19.40	19.40	19.40	19.40	19.40	19.40	19.40	19.40	19.40
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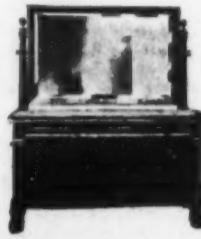
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sawed: "It will be glorious for about six months—maybe a year."

He went to another surgeon who had performed miracles. This one also threw up his arms to heaven. But when his arms had come down again he said: "C'est bien. One can fix you up. Make you a new face. You will see."

"And that is what he is doing," said my friend now. "He has already built me half a jaw. With platinum. I can chew a bit. You see? I am eating scrambled eggs. The other half he will rebuild also. It takes time and it takes pains—but he is wonderful."

We remained looking at each other across the table—I a little stupefied; and after a while I saw that his brown eyes were filling with the laugh light. He was enjoying some secret joy all to himself. He decided to share it with me. "You know, I played a trick on that doctor," he said.

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes. He asked for a picture of me. So as to know what shape, you understand, he should give my face. Well, I went home, rummaged in drawers, and found pictures. But with

one of me I also found one of my brother. And, comparing them, I decided that my brother's was better looking than mine. So I gave that one to the doctor.

"He does not know. He thinks it is I. And so he is building me a face like that of my brother, and my brother is handsomer than I ever was!"

The Soul That Smiles

SUCH is the gayety of France. I try to analyze it now and then. Sometimes I think, as I have said above, that the gayety of France is armor, a light, bright, and impenetrable cuirass. But more often I think it is something else.

It is something more fundamental and more profound than a defense put on. Everyone knows what Lafcadio Hearn has said of the Japanese, of the eternal smile with which he covers all suffering, all distress. Well, the French also smile. But with the Japanese it is the lips that smile, while with the French it is the soul itself which smiles. Under stress and peril the French soul smiles. For it is a healthy soul, which shimmers and rebounds.

The Riders

(Concluded from page 11)

Her husband, holding her fresh mount, was trying hard to retain his composure, but she could see that he was greatly perturbed. He did not swear or scold as she had expected. Instead she heard him saying: "Steady, Belle; keep your head." In his face was something that awakened her. She felt a new strength from the tenderness of his words and she was again in the saddle riding in her old form. She forgot pity. She cursed herself for her weakness. Ahead was only a cloud of dust, and she dug her spurs and plied her lash almost with frenzy. She rode as never before had a cowgirl ridden on the round-up track. The thousands saw it and cheered. The cheer became a deafening roar as her pony gained on the other. Once more they were even and the vacillating applause swung again to the favor of Bess Clifton. The girl was straining every nerve and fiber to win.

The third change was made amid a din of shouting that was deafening. Belle Kean heard the judges saying, "Lord what a race!" and the reporters in the press box were crying, "Keep it up! It's the real stuff!" The Indians and the buckayros and the cowgirls were leaning far over the corral fence in tense suspense.

Again they were off neck and neck. The audience arose to its collective feet as the swift little ponies shot past them. The final spurt was at hand. Belle Kean was whispering kind words into her pony's ear and stabbing him unmercifully in the flank. Nose and nose they came in. But the bald face of Bess Clifton's pony crossed under the wire first, a flash of white. The race was lost.

A curious emotion swept over Belle Kean, an emotion so strange, so potent that it seemed to sap her vitality. She had before suffered defeat, but now she felt something more startling than mere defeat. Last year her name had been on every lip. Now it could be heard but occasionally. The audience was wildly greeting the winner. She knew that the race had been splendid and she gloried because of her part in it. That she had suffered defeat did not gall so much as did the fact that she had made so apparent a blunder, so unforgivable a break for a seasoned rider. She had even anticipated defeat and had with difficulty thrown off the premonition, but she had not anticipated the breaking down of the very bulwark of the game, that of keeping a clear head. She was frightened at her stupidity. She dared not turn her pony's head and return to the judges' box. What was her husband thinking? She feared to face him, now that she had proved her weakening powers. His words of encouragement had strengthened her so much in the first crisis and she had tried to come back, but she had failed so miserably. She wanted to cry, but chided herself for her weakness. She almost hated the girl for her success. Was her husband joining in that riot of acclaim? She almost wished that he was.

BELLE KEAN turned and with stoical face started back around the track. Her husband swung into his saddle and waited for her. As she drew nearer

she saw that his face was flushed, but not with anger. He was sullen, but not vexed. "Oh, Ed," she cried. "I've bungled things. I'm done for."

"Shucks! Forget it, Belle," he said. "You're great. You rode magnificent."

"I didn't. I lost my head and I've ruined our hope of a contract next year."

The crowd having spent itself in its homage to the winner, spied her opponent and straightway yelled itself hoarse again. "You see," said Kean, "you're still strong with 'em."

"But I'm not strong with myself, or with you, Ed. I know. I've been bothered and weak. Why, Ed, I even went so far as to worry over her—that girl—and you."

He studied her face quizzically for a moment as if mulling her words until their full meaning reached him. "Say, Tinkle, do I look like a yearlin'?" he exclaimed almost angrily. "Do you think I'd fall in love with a pair o' hair ribbons? Sure I was watchin' her ride. She's game. She's a peach in the saddle—but—but—me—and her—" He stammered helplessly for want of an expletive sufficiently expressive of his disgust at the thought.

THEY were at the corral gate and rode off the track and into the inclosure. Then the woman gave visible signs of her emotion. The tears rolled down her cheeks unchecked.

"But what'll we do, Ed," she cried bewilderedly. "It's all my fault. I'm at the quitting point. You're grand. You can't give it up. The years haven't got you yet, for you've done splendid this week. Just to think—you rode 'Long Tom,' the worst outlaw in the whole bunch, and stuck. Do you realize, honey, what you've done? It's just magnificent. I was afraid you'd fail. Oh, Ed, I was afraid you'd draw 'Long Tom' and the old brute would throw you and hurt you bad!"

"Shucks! that's nothing," he said carelessly. "I ain't afraid of no horse."

"I know you're not, dear. I don't believe you'll ever fail. I just wish I had your nerve."

Kean began to whistle nervously. His face wore an expression that was new to his wife and she wondered what might trouble him.

At length he spoke again, a little shamefacedly, but without hesitation. "You're heavin' a lot of coals on my head, Tinkle. Listen, I'm goin' to make a clean breast of it. I'm a four-flusher, that's what I am. I'm a tin horn. You couldn't see the buckin' contests, could you? That's what I thought. I lied to you. I didn't ride 'Long Tom.' He paused to smile grimly. "My legs ain't got the same old bow in 'em, I guess. The old son-of-a-gun throwed me the very first jump."

The woman's mouth opened in genuine surprise and alarm. Then a smile wreathed her face, a smile that repaid Kean for his confession. "Oh, Ed, I'm glad," she cried, joyously. "Not because you lost—not that, dear—but now can't we go to a sure-enough home and settle down a bit?"

"Lead the way, Tinkle," he said with a laugh. "Lead the way. I'm on."

The Movie Girl and Little Patterson

(Concluded from page 8)

"fresh, aren't you?" said Lucille. But she never stirred a finger.

It was pitiful in a way to see her young indifference, her gallant unconsciousness of self slipping away before the clean, cool recklessness of little Patterson's eyes. That is, from one point of view it was pitiful. From another—if you had been little Patterson's mother, say—you might have remarked a horrifying lack of modesty about the minx. How can a girl throw herself at a man's head so! It is an eternal question to the mothers of men.

That afternoon the movie girl stayed in her cabin to sleep, and never closed her eyes. That night little Patterson sat on the foot of her steamer chair till twelve, and their talk was not of politics. Also, beneath the Scotch plaid rug, her hand comforted his hand at intervals, after the fashion of those who go down to the sea in ships. These things are mentioned for straws that you may see which way the wind blew.

The movie manager saw and grinned. "Lucille's going strong," he told his wife, "for the millionaire kid with the limp."

"Is he a millionaire?" asked the manager's wife pertinently.

"Son of old T. D. Patterson of Los Angeles. Rich as Croesus."

"Think she knows?"

"To do her justice, I don't," said the manager with an appreciative chuckle.

"Funny—h'm'm'" said the manager's wife, and went on packing.

Lucille packed on the morning of the sixth day—all her costumes, including the pink chiffon evening gown and the voluptuous white aigrette. She went up on deck after lunch in a white linen skirt and a boyish white blouse, and little Patterson met her at the top of the stairs and helped her into his mackinaw with an air of friendly indifference to appearances. All that wind-torn, sunless afternoon, while the wireless snapped overhead and the gray, cold seas went hurtling by, the movie girl and little Patterson sat together with a book in her lap for late excuse, a cigarette between his fingers for whimsical duenna.

That night after the captain's dinner, when the Hawaiian boys were singing on the boat deck—it had cleared a little, and a few determined dancers were sliding about—little Patterson waited by the door of the wireless office till Lucille came up behind him with a silver band on her hair and a flimsy white and silver frock showing slenderly beneath a long black cape. Little Patterson thought of opals and Japanese prints when he looked at her.

"Well," he said with the barest glimmer of a smile.

"Well!" said Lucille.

They walked together down the deck until the sound of the wireless and guitars grew fainter and the lights grew dimmer and farther apart. Then in a shadowy and unfrequented place they leaned upon the rail and looked off through the dark in silence.

Like a small, dull knife, the consciousness of that dragging foot beside her gnawed at the girls' taut senses.

She started when little Patterson spoke. "San Francisco to-morrow," he said pleasantly. "I'm sorry, aren't you?"

The movie girl did not answer. She had stopped to think and no answer came. "Lucille," said little Patterson curiously, "aren't you?"

She put out her hand and found his.

Little Patterson held her fingers tightly for a moment, then let them go, then caught them again, and opened her palm across his lips and kissed it.

"Don't do that," said Lucille. But she did not move.

Little Patterson laid her hand carefully down upon the rail and folded his arms, leaning back against a convenient post. "All right," he said amiably. "But why not?"

She did not tell him.

After a moment he leaned nearer, and she averted her face.

"You don't like me to touch you?" inquired little Patterson with a sort of detached speculation. "My fascinating gait, I suppose. You've been uncommonly kind, in any case—and so perfect physically yourself, you would naturally be repulsed—"

"Hush!" she said in a violent whisper. "I can quite see how you would," he insisted stubbornly.

The movie girl turned in a sweep of black and white and silver, and laid her two hands on little Patterson's arms, and left them there. She lifted her

face, and little Patterson knew suddenly from her voice that there were tears in her eyes. "Repulsed!" she said. "Me?"

It was a splendid and scornful avowal.

After one breathless moment little Patterson did what his personal code decreed. His thoughts in that moment were his own.

He put his arms about the movie girl and drew her so close to him that her oddly yellow hair tangled across his eyes. He found her mouth in the dark and kissed it—tenderly for itself, fiercely for fate, and desperately for all the world of women who were not "keen on cripples," and offered a man's heart pity for bread. "Let me go!" she begged him presently with a sob in her throat.

He went with her as far as the stairs, said good night, and looked into her eyes just once, his own eyes more reckless than ever, but for once not quite so cool.

He could not sleep that night for several reasons—not she for only one.

Next morning, while the ship was nosing into the bay, while the gulls were screaming about the funnels and before the reporters came on board, Lucille went to little Patterson with a yellow slip of paper in her hand, and silently gave it to him to read. She was all in black with a crêpe veil on her small, close-fitting hat, and widow's bands of white at throat and sleeve. Her face was once more a pink mask with carefully bowed red mouth and eyelids heavily blue.

Little Patterson looked at her, and the smile that her voice had called into his eyes flickered out. "Pictures!" said Lucille in impatient explanation. "We're finishing the 'Widow'—Journey' this morning. Read that."

Little Patterson, still saying nothing, read what was typed upon the slip of paper and gave it back to her.

It was a wireless message and it offered Lucille a contract with one of the largest moving-picture concerns in the country.

"It means I've made good!" said the movie girl breathlessly. Her eyes shone with excitement of an exalted and inexplicable sort. "It means I'd be a star—you can see for yourself—Pat!"

Little Patterson, who had lain awake all night between the devil and the deep blue sea, looked at her out of an utterly expressionless face.

"I congratulate you. And what are you going to do about it?" he inquired in the same tone of voice in which you ask the time of day.

THE movie girl looked at him as you look at only one man in a world of men, when the guard of your soul is down and your heart is bare to his thrust.

"Here," she said simply. "Hold out your hand." She crumpled the bit of paper like a rag and laid it in little Patterson's outstretched fingers.

"You'd chuck this—for me?" said little Patterson hoarsely. The passion and starving faith in his voice were suddenly two things no words could touch. You cannot make mere syllables to show a man coming into his kingdom.

Lucille caught her breath between a laugh and a sob. It was an exquisite sound and tightened little Patterson's fingers upon the rail behind him.

"I'd chuck the whole green world for you, and you know it," she said unsteadily. "Oh, Pat, don't make me cry and spoil my make-up."

BECAUSE it was daylight and no place for the realities of life, little Patterson only laid his hand upon her arm, but the sweet, keen flame of his eyes swathed her from head to foot in happiness.

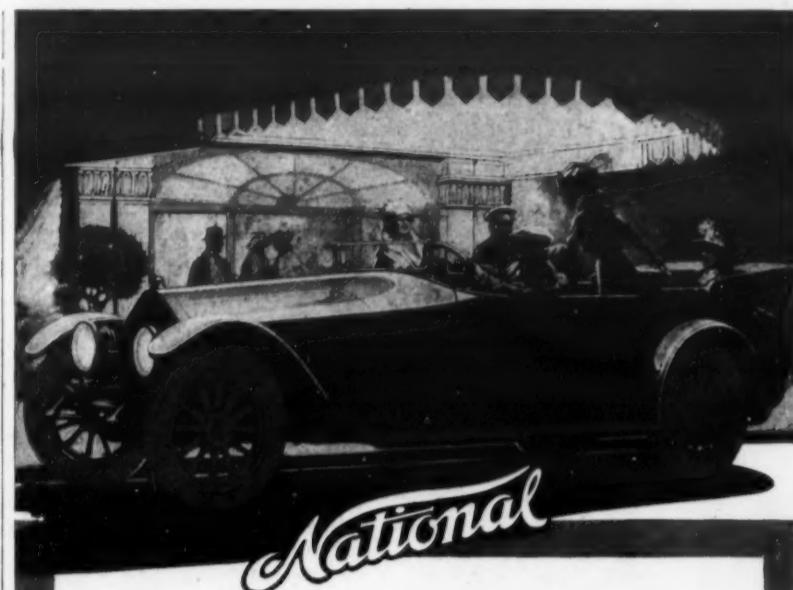
"And I learned about women from her," he said between his teeth—"I'll make it up to you—" Three minutes later time began again.

"Go wash your face like a good girl and get into something that belongs to you," said little Patterson briefly. "You can't be married in a widow's bonnet."

"Oh—h!" said Lucille in a queer, soft little voice, "am I going to be m-married—this morning?"

"Look at me straight in the eyes," said little Patterson coolly, "and tell me you'd rather wait." She did look at him, and he flushed slowly but darkly, because he was not after all so cool as he sounded—but she did not say she had rather wait.

That is the end of this story. It is not in the least consistent, but then neither is life.



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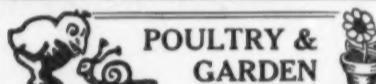
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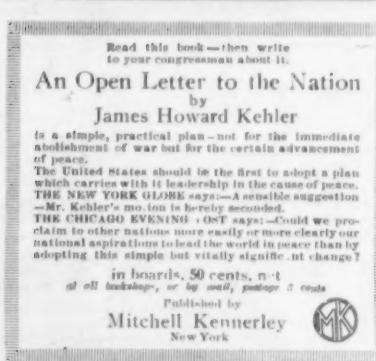


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Old New Orleans

(Continued from page 17)

Frenchman greatly distinguished himself on the plains of Chalmette. Subsequently he led an unfortunate expedition into Mexico.

It is an interesting fact that one celebrated French general should have pointed out with prophetic vision the line of defense which another so gallantly maintained.

General Victor Moreau, hero of Hohenlinden and banished rival of Napoleon, came years before to New Orleans. Riding across the fields south of the city, his keen military eye selected the Rodriguez Canal as the most available point for defense against southern attack. This was remembered. On that cold night of December 20, 1814, when Old Hickory held anxious council in the house opposite No. 514 Chartres, a Creole gentleman told him the opinion of General Moreau. So at the Rodriguez Canal the Americans made their successful fight.

Brave Yesterdays

THE brothers Lafitte, pirates of Barataria, carried on their blacksmith shop near the corner of Chartres and St. Philip. Through the bayous, behind the city, they carried on a contraband but far more profitable trade. Romance, time, and mystery have cast their glamour about the name of Jean, the younger, incarnate prince of polished buccaneers. A proscribed outlaw, with a price upon his head, the British held out dazzling inducements for Jean Lafitte to join, with ships and pirate crews, their attack upon New Orleans.

But Lafitte was an American. Coming on foot into the city, he thrust a pair of pistols into Governor Claiborne's face, thus courteously tendering a loyal pirate's aid. Under these emphatic circumstances Claiborne accepted, and on the glorious field Lafitte won his pardon from the President of the United States.

In the quietest and sleepiest part of Chartres Street, at Ursulines, we come to the old convent which was begun in 1727 for the Ursuline sisterhood which had undertaken the education of Colonial girls and the nursing of Colonial sick. Now it is no longer a convent, else two cautious eyes would peer through that wicket before the solid gate swung open. Across its narrow lawn we enter those ancient portals, and see within a staircase of solid wood, hewn out by hand. The iron stair rail, hand-forged, looks exactly what is, an appropriate part of the oldest house in all the broad valley of the Mississippi. The nuns removed in 1824, and a century after its foundation the old house found itself a meeting place for the State Legislature. Later it has been the archbishop's residence. Behind it, secluded by a high wall, lies the garden, where sheltered nuns once muttered their pious prayers. Merry school children now romp in its swings.

Glance above the wall, at the rear of those curiously shaped three-cornered buildings. In olden time they were quarters for household slaves.

Opposite the front of the Ursulines is the quaint dwelling said to have been occupied by General Beauregard, idol of the Creole population. He died at 1631 Esplanade.

Between Barracks and Hospital Streets is a reminder of Washington's expedition against Fort Duquesne. The French regiment being driven out, floated down the Mississippi, and took quarters at the barracks erected in 1758. A portion of one wing may still be seen at the intersection of Chartres and Barracks.

Another square northward, and we reach the limits of Bienville's original city. Here, at the corner of Chartres and Esplanade, was formerly a principal depot for the slave traffic.

America's Own France

THE Esplanade is very wide, with a neutral ground in its center. New Orleans grew and prospered; this sycamore-shaded Esplanade became the aristocratic residence street. These mansions present a most inhospitable front, locked, shuttered, and barred. In later days, as girls grew up, and social customs became Americanized, many Creole dwellings have been abandoned

for more fashionable neighborhoods along upper St. Charles Avenue.

In passing: Outside of lower Louisiana, the word "Creole" is generally misunderstood. It signifies a person of mixed French and Spanish blood, born in Louisiana—which oftentimes represented the best blood of France, and the proudest nobles of Andalusia, Castile, or Leon. Creoles have just cause for pride in their ancestry.

Turning back from the Esplanade, we drift along Royal Street toward Canal with an occasional expedition into Bourbon. On Bourbon at Toulouse is the French Opera House, built in 1859, immediately becoming a center of the city's musical life. Renowned artists have sung across its footlights to a scintillating horseshoe of jeweled women. In 1885 Adelina Patti was the leading member of the company. Here also many of the gorgeous carnival balls have been regularly held.

The carnival—*carne vale*, farewell flesh—comes down to us, garlanded with festal pageantry of pagan times, glorified by Imperial Rome, made artistic by Paris, and beloved by New Orleans. The "Cowbellions," a secret organization of Mobile, in 1831 elaborated the idea of historical and legendary processions. New Orleans held grotesque street parades as early as 1837. Twenty years later the Mystic Krewe, now known as "Comus," appeared from nowhere, and disappeared again. The success of Comus encouraged others, each with its separate parade and ball. Not until 1872 did Rex, King of the Carnival, enter his royal capital to honor the Grand Duke Alexis.

After the street parade, the iridescent cars go rumbling down Bourbon Street to the Opera, where a dancing floor has been extended from the stage. Maskers from the floats open the ball with their favored ladies. Happy is the débâtante who receives the mystic notification of a "call out." She sits fluttering in the seat appointed, until a silent usher conducts her to some enchanted King from Merry Isles. Silently her partner unclasps the talismanic bracelet from his arm, or decorates her with a jeweled pendant of the Order of Mirth. Of course, she's not supposed to recognize him; but soft eyes guess, and hearts beat quicker for the guessing.

Should you be in New Orleans, you must go to the Opera when the Society of the Fourteenth of July celebrates the fall of the Bastille. This function is held in the winter, so that world-famous artists may join in the triumphal songs. It's worth a journey from the antipodes to hear their Marsellaise.

Ah! Things to Eat

FIRST of all the stuccoed medleys in the quarter comes the Absinthe House, at Bourbon and Bienville. Needless to speak of it as "old"; it speaks, nay, it clamors for itself. The date, 1799, seems far too juvenile. Solid doors of a diluted salmon color are thrown back, exposing the bizarre glasswork of its inner doors. Above are fanlike jaloussies, and higher still the balcony with iron rail. Through a low door that pierces the Bourbon Street wall, you may see the massive arches supported by a squat column, and the winding stair of stone.

Let us turn back. We have passed Antoine's—which is a gastronomic crime, for Antoine's *bisque de écrevisse* will linger as a thing of blessed memory. It is not of America, this Antoine's, with its tall, old-fashioned mirrors, its sanded floor and hospitable tables. By order, I suppose, of a vandal Board of Health, white tiles have replaced the sand. Helplessly I resent it. Tiles make a modern clatter, and I love to hear the noiseless waiters move like velvet-footed camels crunching across a desert. There have been other changes, even to that glaring electric sign which hangs in front. But, praise all the festal gods, Antoine's bisque is just the same; and reddish, greenish, bluish flames yet arise, and the self-same sniffy odors steal from that mystic bowl, where spirits are being burned and marvelous spices mingled with our coffee.

Perhaps you try a court bouillon, or do you prefer a gumbo? Wait. We shall go to the Louisiane on Iberville Street. When Thackeray sampled the

cuisines of New Orleans and Boudro cated to him, he never tasted Mme. Bezaudin's Creole gumbo. Of this posterity may rest assured, else Thackeray would have wasted no jingles on his "Ballad of the Bouille-à-baisse," but would have preached instead the "Gospel of the Gumbo." Far be it from me to specify its occult ingredients. There's always a surprise, always the unexpected. Seining the gumbo, is like exploring a grab bag, and guessing at wrapped-up packages. In most of these alleged soups the component parts thereof seem warring with each other. Hammer and tongs, the dissentient and insurgent factions lock horns in civil strife. But the Creole gumbo—ah, that gumbo! with what pacifying and satisfying tact it mobilizes every hostile element into the amalgamated apotheosis of teamwork! Chickens seem hatched with no other ambition than to melt languidly in file. (Call it feelay.) Shrimp and oysters, crabs, and predatory fish forego hereditary enmities fraternizing in a mouthsome mellow harmony. Don't try to construct it yourself. This is no recipe, merely a reverential tribute.

Gloating over our gumbo, we neglect the old Hotel St. Louis, first known as the City Exchange, and more latterly called the Hotel Royal. Its deserted façade, with dilapidated cornices and broken railings, stares gloomily at a parvenu of white marble across St. Louis Street. No brilliantly gowned women look out from its windows of shattered panes. Instead, the ferns grow luxuriously along its moldering casements. No music uprises from within; even the scurrying of a rat would break the silence of those vast and vacant halls. In the first third of the nineteenth century, the Creoles saw the drift toward that alien region which lay above Canal Street. Progressive and unsentimental Americans had erected the Exchange Hotel, where the St. Charles now stands. It became dangerously popular, and threatened the traditional supremacy below Canal. So the Creoles built this splendid hotel of their own, making it the pivotal point of social and political life. Like a hitching post, for generations it checked that modern trend.

The Haunted House

THE life blood of New Orleans flowed through its wide-open portals. All that was brave and gay and fair thronged up its spiral staircase. Its ballroom, celebrated throughout the world, witnessed many a brilliant function. Legends of bright eyes and brighter blades hallow its empty spaces, and fiction weaves its fancies. A slave block and slave prison are pointed out. But the block was not for slaves, and the prison nothing more grawsome than sleeping apartments for the servants. It has been successively the capitol of the State, a citadel under siege, and the death room of carpetbag rule in Louisiana.

Now closed for twenty years, the caretaker patters the story of an out-worn shell which, death-doomed and deserted, stoically awaits the end.

No dog is at the threshold, great or small;
No pigeon on the roof, no household creature;
No cat demurely dozing on the wall;
Not one domestic feature.

Hood's "Haunted House" recalls another, equally imaginary, at the up-town river corner of Royal and Hospital. The tale is too long and hair raising. Besides, this is not the house at all. The genuine simon-pure, unadulterated "Haunted House" which formerly occupied this spot was burned

down in 1834. Between Royal and Chartres Streets that squat building, whose blind-eyed dormers overlook Dumaine, is "Mme. John's Legacy," the house of "Tite Poulette." Which nickname suggests that "Little Chicken" is not a recent Broadway euphemism. On the upper side of St. Peter and Royal is "Sieur George House," both so charmingly described by George W. Cable.

Who can forget that exquisite story of "Père Antoine's Date Palm," as told by Thomas Bailey Aldrich? Legend records the palm, and the good priest himself loomed large in the early Colonial struggles between Jesuit and Capuchin. Another palm, the only one of its kind in Louisiana, grew at the corner of Orleans and Dauphine Streets. This tree, and this tree alone, knows the tragedy of that royal Turkish refugee who came and disappeared, leaving behind naught but the tablet of his death.

There's the "Napoleon House," with its belvedere windows, and this story: The Empire had fallen at Waterloo. The Corsican Eagle frettet in captivity on rockbound St. Helena. Every Creole heart throbbed with indignant sympathy. Nicholas Girod, rich merchant, planned a rescue. He fitted out a swift yacht, manned by fiery young Creoles, and commanded by Dominique You, ex-partner of the Lafittes, ex-gunner at Chalmette. He it was under whom Andrew Jackson expressed his willingness to "storm the gates of hell." Their plan was simple. The redoubtable You was to land at St. Helena, liberate the Emperor and the speedy yacht would bring to his loyal Creoles

their "Uncrowned King of Louisiana." This house, magnificently furnished, waited to receive him. The Emperor died. The house waits, No. 514 Chartres.

A monument to Dominique You—intrepid corsair, whose virtues were linked with a thousand crimes—is in the old cemetery on Claiborne Avenue, between Iberville and St. Louis. Neglected, he perished in abject poverty. Helpful friends came not to stand beside his dying bed. But the city ordained a triumphal burial, the outpouring of enthusiastic thousands with flowers and banners and martial music—and for his epitaph a grandiloquent stanza from Voltaire.

Near Canal, at what is now the Royal Street entrance to the Cosmopolitan Hotel, a certain Dr. Antonmarchi once had an office. Himself a Corsican, he followed his exiled Emperor to St. Helena, and closed those marvelous eyes which had flashed across embattled Europe. Antonmarchi made the celebrated death mask of Napoleon, which years afterward he vainly offered to King Louis Philippe. Marshals Clausel, Bertrand, and other distinguished imperialists, formed a stock company to reproduce this mask by the thousands and purchase the original for the Hôtel des Invalides.

For some reason their project failed. Napoleon had generously provided for Dr. Antonmarchi in his will, but the bequests were denied. So he came to New Orleans, was received with glowing hospitality, and lodged in the Hôtel des Etrangers—Chartres Street, below St. Louis. This recognition gratified the old man. He presented his precious death mask to Mayor Prieur on behalf of the city. For years it rested in their Council Chamber. During the Reconstruction period this priceless relic disappeared, and frantic searches failed to reveal it. How it was recovered, and from whom, I do not know. But there it is to-day in the Cabildo Museum.

The French market of a Sunday morning, its fragrant coffee from the

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broken pot; its duenna-guarded girls who grasp the furtive note discreetly slipped in passing; children clamor for *lagnianne* with every picayune's purchase; Indian squaws crouch on the stones beside their bags of *gumbo filé*—all this must be dismissed with a paragraph, yet you may spend here the most delightful morning.

Step into an antique store—a charmingly musty antique shop. Perhaps the quaint old man, in frilled shirt and battered silk hat, may show you a pen, an inkstand, and a letter. What of it? There are many such. But this letter is written by the hand of Josephine to a cousin in Martinique, commanding her young kinsman for preferment. Pen and inkstand went with the letter, which was dated the day before Napoleon told Josephine that he meant to divorce her.

We regretfully leave the French quarter and cross Canal Street. The world changes—language, faces, names of streets.

Chartres has become Camp, Bourbon becomes Carondelet, and Royal is now called St. Charles. Take the street cars or an auto. We are going through a new city where speed laws are more liberal. In the early nineteenth century this was called the Faubourg St. Marie—an uninhabited morass. Plucky Americans filled and drained and built the modern city, New Orleans as it is. We go whirling up the most beautiful of boulevards with avenues of crested palms, broad-leaved bananas, Spanish daggers, vines, and palmettos in tropical luxuriance. There are the moss-draped trees of Audubon, those even more wonderful oaks at the City Park where as many as ten duels have been fought upon a placid Sunday morning.

Her Infinite Romance

HERE and there we go to the Congo Plains—now Beauregard Square—where African slaves used to dance "bamboola" and "calinda," shivering at the sinister power of Marie Le Veau, the Voodoo Queen, Keeper of the Grand Zombi, or Sacred Serpent—Marie Le Veau, who lived in barbarous mysticism, yet died in the sanctity of religion.

We should like to hear more of this woman, and somewhat of that other woman, gorgeously attired, who, out of a blinding storm, sought refuge at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, a reformatory for the fallen—the woman who sold her jewels and erected its altar to the Blessed Mother of God. But we cannot stop to listen, the auto is rushing on.

There's quaint little St. Roch's Chapel and the Holy Field; the stuccoed tombs in old St. Louis Cemetery—only the Hebrews adhere to their racial custom of burying under ground. In the Jesuit Church of the Immaculate Conception there's the marble Virgin ordered by Queen Marie Emilie for her chapel at the Tuilleries. Revolution drove out the Queen, and her royal beneficence found its way across the seas.

There are the levees, great dikes of dirt, which hold off the mightiest river of the world; powerful cotton compressers, modern sugar refineries—even a catalogue is vain.

Things happened in the hot youth of Louisiana to satined and sworded and scented cavaliers, with long coats and boots of Spanish leather. It was happen or bust, when such restless spirits mingled with skin-clad adventurers, naked Indians, correction girls by the shipload, and casket girls under jealous guardianship. There were wonderful stories which the garrulous raconteur would delight in telling—the love affairs of De Richebourg; Crozat, the merchant who purchased an empire to make of his daughter a princess; the romance of Chevalier St. Denis; the Bearded Chief of the Natchez; Charlotte, the mother of a Czar, who followed her lover to the Bayou St. John; the Petticoat Insurrection; the queer Cadillac and the Vice-regal Vaudreuil. Many graceful pens have preserved the traditions of their city—Charles Gayarre, Mollie E. Moore Davis, Castellanos, Grace King, Katherine Cole, Norman Walker, Helen Pitkin, Flo Field, Dimitry—a host. The legendary atmosphere fires the imagination of every writer, lashing him into some memorial.

The lover of old New Orleans and her glamorous associations could ride on and write on indefinitely. By these disjointed reminiscences I merely mean to suggest a thousand others, delicious bits of gossip and fragments of romance which

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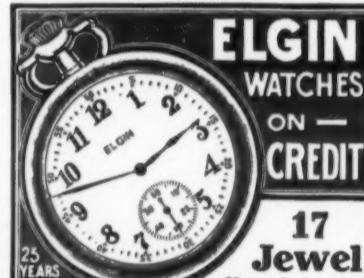
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To the young we say, "Preserve your youth;" to the old we say, "Renew it;" for here in this favorite spot the worries of the one and the sorrows of the other are alike forgotten in the ever changing stream of health-giving pleasures and outdoor sports.

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The Overseas Railroad, Pullman Service allows stopoff privileges at principal places.	
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A Burrowes Table costs little—\$1 or more down, according to size and style. Small amount each month. Prices from \$15 up. Full equipment of Balls, Cues, etc., free. Sizes range up to 4½' x 9 feet (standard).

BURROWES

Home Billiard Table

Adapted for expert play and home practice. Portable—used in any room—on any house table or on its own legs or folding stand. Quickly set aside—requires almost no room when not in use. Send for illustrated catalog explaining free offer with prices, terms of payment and testimonials from thousands of owners.

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Patent What You Invent. It may be valuable. Write me. No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Estab. 1882. "Inventor's Guide" FREE. Franklin H. Hough, 528 Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

For the Defense

(Concluded from page 12)

Then Shi Hsiang, my own brother, had forced my wife to marry this man, a newcomer and a stranger to me. She had gone weeping to him, not in bridal robes, but in white sacking, as a widow goes to the funeral of her man. Ever after she had dressed as a mourning widow, making her husband a laughing stock in the District.

THEN I looked; her shoes and her garters were white, and I saw my friend said the truth. All turned to bitterness within me.

I had no words. I picked up the two heads, wrapped them in a cloth, and came away. None followed; they believed I sought the Hsien Kuan, to make the killing known and claim the reward of a virtuous deed.

But it was here that I came—to my own village and my own brother. I passed the boundary stone that marks the English-governed land, and came.

I entered our house, and when my sister-in-law saw me she trembled. So I knew that she, too, understood the truth. I was strong with anger, not knowing what I did. I lifted the heads in the cloth. Full on the breast they struck her, over the heart, and she fell, the heads rolling one on each side.

My brother ran to escape, but in the bare winter fields he could find no place to hide. The neighbors took him, and the elders of the village, I sitting among them by right as a scholar, passed judgment. Why should we trouble the Ta jen with such a matter when the case is clear? It would be only to spend money.

Before they died, Shi Hsiang and the woman confessed. What they had done was for the money. In all things they had lied, even in the matter of my son.

In this, Ta jen, I have my hope and my comfort, for Shi Hsiang had sold the boy, returning home, to the keeper of an inn near Shanhakuan.

The name of the town he had forgotten, but it is no matter. I go to-morrow on my search and I shall surely find my son, even though I must visit every inn on every road from here to Ying K'ou.

Doubtless the Ta jen has a son himself. Then he understands. "The wife is Good Council, the son is Hope." I have lost all, but most may be regained.

Now I have made this matter clear to the Ta jen, so that if he has no further business I may retire.

To-morrow—Do I understand the Ta jen says that to-morrow I and the village elders must go with him to Port Edward, that the killing of Li Shi Hsiang may be looked into?

Why should money be so wasted? I have made the matter clear—all was done according to our local custom.

WE must go, guarded by police, and may be punished for what we did by many years in jail? The Ta jen has no choice? He must act according to the law?

What is this foreign style of law and of officials who live in dread of a printed code? Better our own ways even if our officials are corrupt!

Ta jen, I cannot go. See, I am on the ground before you. There is my little son—alone—sold, somewhere in the North.

Collier's The National Weekly

Volume 54 February 13, 1915 Number 22

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated,
Publishers

416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

Robert J. Collier, President; E. C. Patterson, Vice President and General Manager; J. G. Jarrett, Treasurer; Charles E. Miner, Secretary; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, Manager Advertising Department.

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It's Your Wife Who Hands You This Coupon

She knows you are in danger of accident every minute. She knows that one man in every seven was accidentally killed or injured last year and that you may be the one this year. She knows that even if you escape accident you are likely to be sick any time.

She knows that if you send this coupon today, she and the children will be protected fully. Now, while you can, while you are safe—

ÆTNA-IZE

Protect yourself against accident—protect yourself against sickness. It is not only railroad wrecks and shipwrecks and falling elevators you have to fear. A case of grippe, an attack of pneumonia, or rheumatism, a sprained ankle, cut hand, fall, any of these may stop

your work and cause you worry and loss. Ætna-ize and you will draw a weekly income from us and overcome all that. If you are engaged in a "Preferred" occupation, and under 50 years of age, \$60 a year is all it will cost you. For that small sum—

We Will Pay You \$25 a Week As Long As You Live

if you are disabled by any accident, or \$50 a week if disabled by a railway, steamship, or burning building accident. And we will pay you \$25 a week, up to fifty-two weeks, if you are sick. We will pay hospital charges or for a surgical operation.

If you are killed in an accident, we will pay your wife \$5,000 or \$10,000 the first year you are insured and add \$500 or \$1,000 each year for five years, paying

thereafter \$7,500 or \$15,000.

If you lose two limbs or both eyes by accident we will pay you the same amounts. One-half of these amounts will be paid you for loss of one hand, one foot or one eye by accident. The coupon costs you nothing and puts you on the road to safety. Send it today.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance.

Agency opportunities for all
Casualty and Bonding lines

Name—Occupation
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ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Hartford, Conn.
I have marked the kinds of Insurance I
wish to know about: Disability \$250
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Age is My
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Ride a RANGER

bicycle and know you have the best. Buy a machine you can prove before accepting.

DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days trial. NO EXPENSE to you if, after trial you do not wish to keep it.

LOW FACTORY COST. Lowest improvements and values never before equalled.

WRITE TODAY for our big catalog showing our complete line of 1915 bicycles, TIRES, sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful new offers and terms we will give you. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies at factory price. Do not buy an inferior bicycle. we can do for you. A postal card brings everything.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. D-54, CHICAGO



OLD DARKEY WIG, 50¢. Whiskers, 25¢. Burnt Cork, 25¢. Red Liner for Lips, 10¢. Entire Outfit, \$1.00. Send three 2¢ stamps for complete catalog of Wigs, Plays and Make-Up Material; also Art of Making Up.

B. TRADEMORE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

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Back Numbers of Collier's in Bound Volumes, for any year from 1898 to 1904. Write at once to J. H. NEEBE

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POULTRY & GARDEN

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are always grown on their own roots, 64 varieties, all hardy, and guaranteed. "Dingee Guide to Rose Culture" is the most reliable book on roses ever printed. Describes over 1,800 varieties of roses and other flowers and how to grow them. It's free. Send today.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 243, West Grove, Pa.

75¢ For 150-Egg Size
Reliance INCUBATOR
With 150 Chick Brooder, Only... \$1050

Guaranteed better than \$15.00 machine.

—Larger Hatchers and Uses Less Oil—
90,000 Eggs laid yearly—Guaranteed to
hatch 90% of eggs. Order from ad on write.
RELIANCE INCUBATOR CO., Dept. ZO, FREEPORT, ILLS.

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THE HOUSE OF COLLIER

IN RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

THIS number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY marks an anniversary, the beginning of the fortieth year since the founding of the house of Collier and the twenty-seventh since the establishment of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. It is one of those times when meditation out loud is permissible and we take the occasion to talk freely of what we have done, the hopes that animate us and the faiths that underlie our work.

It is a pleasant privilege to record success, even though one may not take personal credit for it, but must assign to others the larger measure which is their due. To have had *any part* in great achievements, however, is to have helped to make those achievements possible and permanent. To be able to take one's place in a great organization, whatever that place may be, and so to work with other units that great established policies are not halted and that great beginnings shall go forward to great ends—that is a privilege second only to the boon vouchsafed to the few to whom it is granted to *create* great policies, to *initiate* great organizations and to *found* great institutions.

Every great business is a great institution for human service. Businesses founded upon any less firm foundation than men's needs and their welfare do not strike deep, do not become rooted in public favor, are not finally woven into the fabric of a nation's life.

Great business institutions are always, in Emerson's phrase, "the shadow of some one man's personality." The founder of a great business is usually a man who utilizes the great new material forces of his day for ends that are ultimately spiritual.

Such a man was Peter Fenelon Collier, founder of this house, creator of its policies, builder of its nation-wide organization and influence and the very present inspiration of its activities.

He was one of the great creators of his time—a man of vision and faith and skill who painted his vision across a continent; a man who wrought boldly and so well that his vision has entered into the nation's life and his institution endures in the friendly regard of millions who never knew him.

It is a high privilege to continue such traditions, to be the keeper of such faiths, the guardian of such a vision. It is a matter for pride perhaps, but much more a matter for humility; and it is in that spirit that this tribute to a great past is set alongside the record of a fruitful present and the promise of a brilliant future.

We speak of the future confidently, because the house of Collier never has stood still. Founded deep in the verities of human service, the character of its work never has changed. But its activities have constantly widened its revenues, and therefore its opportunities have constantly increased and its influence has become deeper and more widespread with each year. The year just passed has been in every way the most successful in its history.

In spite of the fact that 1914 was a year of general business depression, Collier gains have been most pronounced. It has added about fifty per cent to the circulation of the Weekly in jumping from around 600,000 to over 830,000 copies a week, and will pass the million mark as soon as we are ready to handle such an edition. *While the number of advertising lines have been less during the past year, the advertising revenue has been the largest since the business was established—a record of which we are especially proud.*

The reason for the steady enhancement of Collier prestige, sales and revenue, must be found in the vitality of the Collier publishing idea—in that unchanging ideal of public service in which the house is founded. It has required able men to carry out the Collier policies, without a doubt, but other publish-

By E. C. Patterson

Vice-President and General Manager P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.

ing organizations have had good men, men who have been able to make great gains when the tide of business ran their way.

There must be something else then, something inherent in the Collier publishing policy, something fundamentally sound, something the public really wants, to enable even the best of men to defy hard times and to make decisive gains where other men must take a loss.

There is something else. We think it is the Collier idea of serviceability, of definite usefulness, of worthwhileness in everything that bears the Collier imprint, that makes the difference. Perhaps we can define it better by outlining briefly the nature, extent, and purpose of our publishing activities.

Collier Books

TO THOSE to whom figures mean anything, the fact that P. F. Collier & Son have published and distributed nearly 71,300,000 books since 1875, valued at \$108,348,000, will be of interest. The sales now run to more than 3,000,000 volumes a year. Quantity, however, is not important except in relation to quality, and it is upon the quality of the books published by P. F. Collier & Son that we prefer to put the emphasis. The policy of P. F. Collier & Son never has deviated from the purposes which animated its founder, namely: to publish good books for the many rather than expensive books for the few—books worth printing—books that are part of literature, sound books, books that every man some time in his life should read.

The Harvard Classics, The Junior Classics, The Lodge History of Nations, are copyrighted, manufactured and sold by P. F. Collier & Son exclusively.

The figures below give an idea of the character of Collier books and the enormous quantities sold:

The Harvard Classics . . .	4,400,074 vols.
Encyclopedias	2,345,410 "
Histories	10,579,993 "
Dickens's Works	6,610,454 "
Cooper's Works	1,661,868 "
Scott's Works	1,006,725 "
Shakespeare's Works . .	1,138,900 "

Our immense output of books to-day includes the fifty volumes of "The Harvard Classics," Dr. Eliot's "Five-Foot Shelf of Books," aptly nicknamed "The World's Civilization on a Bookshelf"; "The Junior Classics," a set of books for children analogous to the adult's "Harvard Classics." Lodge's "History of Nations" in twenty-five volumes, *the only complete history* of the nations of the world to the breaking out of the European war; "The Versailles Memoirs," a twelve-volume autobiographical history of the eighteenth century; the works of A. Conan Doyle, including the best of the Sherlock Holmes tales; works of De Maupassant, Bret Harte, Robert Louis Stevenson, and others of similar rank.

Collier's Weekly

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is first and always "a weekly newspaper with a kodak eye and a reporter's instinct." But it is much more than that. It is an interpreter of news and events, a crusader against every harmful influence in the nation's life, a constructive force for the realization of national ideals, and, last but not least, a weekly budget of wholesome entertainment for intelligent men and women. That its policies are sound and serviceable is proven by its growth.

Advertising value in a publication goes back finally to editorial value and rests upon the confidence and support of readers, and

the value of COLLIER'S to manufacturers and merchants has enhanced as its circulation and editorial prestige have increased. Although the advertising revenue for the past year was the largest in the history of the Weekly, *1915 contracts now on our books are within \$180,000 of the total advertising record for the whole twelve months of 1914.*

We take a pride in these facts, the results of good work done, but we look upon them primarily as representing opportunity and responsibility for greater work to come.

COLLIER'S was the first publication absolutely to guarantee its circulation to advertisers, and it always has given excess value. The coming year will show constant increases in the surplus of circulation over the guarantee.

The confidence intrusted in COLLIER'S by its readers is more than repaid in editorial value alone. Under the direction of Mark Sullivan as its editor, COLLIER'S will continue its editorial tradition of fearless, aggressive, intelligent, and constructive journalism.

The prosperity of the past year has enabled us to provide a brilliant editorial program for 1915. It can be indicated here by little more than a catalogue of names, but the names are so well known that they need no praise of ours.

Sir A. Conan Doyle will contribute stories to no other publication during the year. We can promise that a number of his contributions will be stories of Sherlock Holmes. There will be something like a dozen stories during the year.

Fu-Manchu, the ingenious Chinese doctor, who has created a sensation second only to that of Sherlock Holmes, will reappear in stories throughout the year.

Serials are coming from H. G. Wells, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Meredith Nicholson, Josephine Daskam Bacon, and other world-famous writers.

Julian Street, whose "Abroad at Home" was the magazine sensation of 1914, will be with us in 1915.

Peter Clark Macfarlane will continue his great human-interest articles during the year.

Joseph Conrad, Perceval Gibbon, Charles E. Van Loan, Peter B. Kyne, Richard Washburn Child, Maude Radford Warren, James B. Connolly are only a few of the short-story contributors for this year.

COLLIER'S war correspondents include ex-Senator Beveridge, whose position in the capitals of Europe is equaled by few men; Frederick Palmer, recognized the world over as the greatest of correspondents and the only foreign correspondent permitted by the British War Office at the field headquarters of the Allies. His signed articles appear exclusively in COLLIER'S.

Arthur Ruhl, America's most brilliant reporter, has a roving commission to cover the war zone for COLLIER'S exclusively.

Will Irwin, Gelett Burgess, Henry Beach Needham, May Sinclair, Perceval Gibbon, James Hopper, Arnold Bennett, and many other distinguished writers are also on COLLIER'S list of war correspondents and contributors.

In short, the war will be covered by COLLIER'S as no other war ever has been covered by any publication.

There will be dozens of other features as good as those we have mentioned, and it should be unnecessary to state, in view of COLLIER'S past record, that the best illustrative art of the world will further distinguish the work of COLLIER writers.

The best promise that P. F. Collier & Son can make for the future is a continuance of its record of the past—a continuance of the same sound and progressive management—unbiased editorial direction and of honest, aggressive business conduct.

Stewart Vacuum

What it is, and does—

It is a small tank, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 9 inches high; installed under the hood on the dash or motor; and connected to the manifold, carburetor, and gasoline supply reservoir. The suction of the motor through manifold draws gasoline from rear reservoir to small tank under hood, from which the gasoline falls in a positive, even flow to carburetor. No preliminary hand pumping air into gasoline tank before starting car. No motor air pump to keep up the pressure after you start. No air gauge to watch; no air lines to keep tight; no airtight connections necessary anywhere. Saves 10% to 15% gasoline.

No forcing gasoline through carburetor wastefully. No pressure to upset correct working of carburetor. No over-rich mixture to cause carbonization. Supplies gasoline to carburetor unfailingly, under all conditions, even on steepest grades, because of its being located so close to, and above, carburetor. Location next to motor provides warm gasoline—thereby makes starting easier. Allows carburetor to be installed close up against intake manifold, where it gets benefit of motor's heat, and where it can be most easily gotten at. Works absolutely automatically—once on your car you can forget it.

Gasoline System

HOW would you like to step into your car and start it without having to first pump any air on the gasoline?

Isn't it a nuisance to have to put air pressure on your gasoline by hand before you can get your car going and then keep watching your air gauge to see that the air pump on the motor continues to keep up the air pressure?

Isn't it a nuisance to find that slight vibration will loosen the connections and let the air escape and then—no gasoline!

Isn't it a nuisance that you can't use all the gasoline when you have a pressure feed system on your car—you must always replenish it before you get nearly to the bottom, to say nothing of the extra load or gasoline that your car always has to carry but can't ever use?

Isn't it a nuisance when you fill your reservoir to have to use a wrench or hammer to drive on the filler cap to make it air-tight, and many times when you get in the car find you haven't any pressure at all, because there's a leak in some one of the numerous connections?

Isn't it a nuisance when you come to a steep hill to find that you have not pressure enough to force the gasoline to the carburetor and often have to turn around and back up?

Very similar nuisances exist with gravity feed systems where the tank is shallow, placed too far back from carburetor or where its entire contents are not located above the carburetor.

The Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System now solves all gasoline feed problems and saves you work, time, nuisance and expense.

The Stewart System has proved one of the most notable developments of recent automobile history.

It was one of the most talked about improvements on exhibition at the big New York and Chicago Automobile Shows.

The Scientific American, Horseless Age, Motor Age, Automobile Topics, and all highest authorities have illustrated, favorably discussed and marked its success from the start.

The Horseless Age says: "Although it was unheard of a year ago, it has already been adopted by 25.6 per cent of all car manufacturers for regular equipment. The figures show that it replaces pressure feed in the majority of cases, but there has also been a marked drop in the use of the gravity feed."

(Because it enabled car manufacturers to use the low stream-line body design now so fashionable.)

Thousands of car owners everywhere are eliminating the troubles of pressure and gravity systems by replacing them with the Stewart System on their cars.

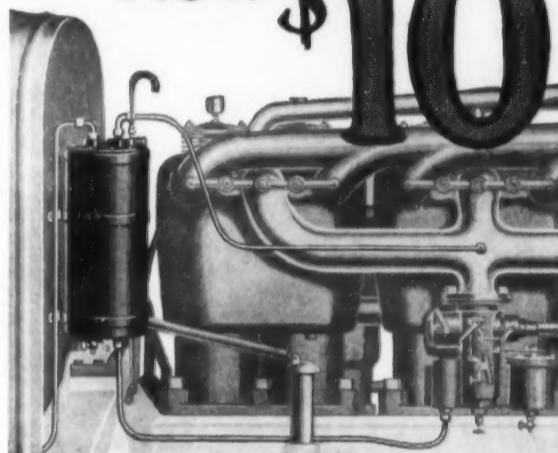
It can be installed on any car—old or new—in an hour by anyone. Once installed it can be forgotten.

This outfit will pay for itself very shortly—in saving of gasoline alone. It increased gasoline mileage up to 15% over the finest pressure feed systems in recent tests made and sanctioned by the A. A. A., and in innumerable other official and private owners' tests, including hill climbing and long reliability runs.

Send for booklet giving facts.

Install this system on your car. Try it for 30 days. If not satisfactory, get your money back.

Now \$10



Hill Climbing Made Easy

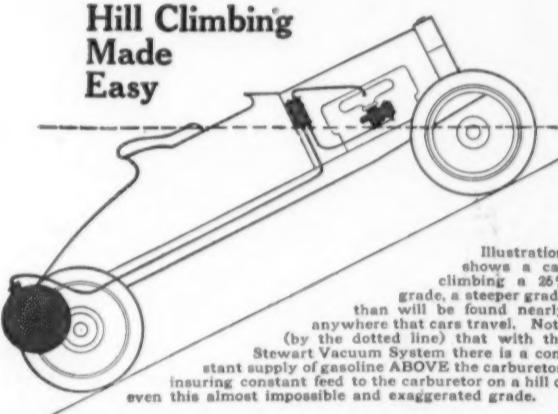


Illustration shows a car climbing a 26% grade, a steeper grade than will be found nearly anywhere that cars travel. Note (by the dotted line) that with the Stewart Vacuum System there is a constant supply of gasoline ABOVE the carburetor, insuring constant feed to the carburetor on a hill of even this almost impossible and exaggerated grade.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

Executive Offices: 2009 Diversey-Boulevard, Chicago

17 BRANCHES—Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, San Francisco, London, Paris.
78 SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL CITIES AND LARGE TOWNS.

Stewart Products are fully guaranteed and sold with the distinct understanding if not satisfactory after thirty days' trial, purchase money will be refunded.

Listen to the Tone of the big Stewart Warning Signal

Makes them pay attention!



Parts Prices Cut 40%

Tremendous volume in sales has enabled us to cut prices an average of 40% on Stewart Speedometer Parts. You can now buy genuine trademarked Stewart Pinions at 25c ea., Flexible Shafts, \$3, Swivel Joints, \$2.50. Other parts at similar reductions. For guaranteed service and quality insist on material stamped with the well known Stewart trade-mark. Otherwise it is a substitute.

"Always on the Job!"

Let the Stewart Tire Pump do your hard work

Just think of it! With an engine right beside you that does all the other work, why break your back with a hand tire pump? Let the engine do this work also. The Stewart power pump operated by your engine quickly fills any size tire. Price, complete with fifteen feet highest grade hose, air gauge with bracket and \$15 gears all complete.

No More Hand-pump Work!

Mellow warmth in all rooms!

What every owner enjoys most about radiator heating is its *constant* cozy comfort—from room to room you have the same soft, *equal* warmth—during bitterest storm or blue-cold calm. With radiator heating you never have to scurry along a frigid hall, drafty stairway, or room heated “in spots”—instead, all rooms, run-ways, nooks and corners are *of one snug temperature*, under the health-protective heating of

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

heat is gently but positively circulated through the hollow piping to the AMERICAN Radiators; the more heat needed to meet the cold, the faster will be the flow. A positive cure for old, cold houses! No need to burn high-priced coals! IDEAL SMOKELESS Boilers burn cheapest grades of soft coal and lignites. Then there are IDEAL WOOD BURNING Boilers, IDEAL Boilers for hard coal, for natural gas, oil, coke, etc. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators get the *utmost volume of heat* out of the fuel burned, hence their rapidly increasing adoption throughout both Americas, Europe, Australia and Japan.

These outfits quickly prove they are an *investment*—not an expense—as property thus outfitted sells quicker, or brings 10 to 15% higher rental. Pays far better than money loaned at 6%, in their coal-savings, absence of repairs, and greater cleanliness of household furnishing and decorations.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are now very simply put in buildings without tearing up, or disturbing occupants or present heaters until ready to start fire in the IDEAL Boiler. Thousands of these ideal outfits are put in during coldest weather when old, crude heating devices crack or collapse.

We cordially invite the inquiry of anyone interested in the mellow, healthful, economical heating of stores, schools, churches, offices, theaters, *farm* or city houses, etc. Ask for free book: “Ideal Heating.” Why not write us *today?* Iron prices now rule the lowest of a decade. Better act now!



IDEAL Boilers are made in sizes for 4-room cottages up to largest public building—cost but little more than the cheap heating devices, which last only a few years.



A No. 5-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 460 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$225, were used to heat this cottage.



A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 sq. ft. of 38-inch AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$125, were used to heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This does not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which vary according to climatic and other conditions.



Another great labor-saver—Stationary Vacuum Cleaner, at \$150

You can wonderfully reduce house-labor and highly increase home health and cleanliness by use of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner—sits in basement; works through iron pipe running to all floors; carries all dirt, dust, insects and their eggs, etc., to sealed bucket in machine; cleans carpets, furnishings, walls, ceilings, clothing. Ask also for new “ARCO WAND” catalog (free). Inquiry puts you under no obligation to buy.



Sold by all dealers.
No exclusive agents.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 46
816-822 S. Michigan
Ave., Chicago

Public Showrooms at Chicago, New York, Boston, Providence, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Rochester, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Atlanta, Birmingham, New Orleans, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle, Portland, Spokane, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Toronto, Brantford (Ont.), London, Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Cologne, Milan, Vienna.





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